

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

With the opening of the colleges naturally enough comes the discussion of school questions and kindred affairs. With the re-union of the Ottawa Cabinet and the canvassing of appointments and the coming to Ontario of Hon. Mr. Laurier, one thinks of politics, and so to such topics I have devoted myself this week, almost to the exclusion of what to many are more interesting subjects. I know the "dear reader" gets woefully weary of the politics of the cloister, the University, the city, indeed of the politics of the country generally. Why? Is it because the articles are so badly written? Certainly not, for the best writers of Canada are engaged in the work. Is it not on account of the transparent insincerity and hired partisanship of so much that is written? If this be so, and knowing that we should be deeply interested in all such affairs, let us be sincere, and then in both the writing and the reading of there may be some merit in it, hoping always that there shall not be too much of it—of politics, not of sincerity, of course.

Mr. Laurier, through Mr. Alexander Smith, secretary of the Ontario Liberal Association, has denied the statement attributed to him, "Thank God, there is not an Orangeman among us, the Liberals." Having three weeks ago written something about the monstrous folly of such an incendiary public utterance, if it had been made, I feel in duty bound to give the denial as much publicity as the former paragraph obtained. The quoted words appeared in *La Patrie* of Montreal, a Liberal newspaper and one of Mr. Laurier's organs, with reference to a speech made at Chicoutimi, accompanied by a statement to the effect that they were quoting his language exactly. Perhaps it is best in self-defence to publish the extract itself, taken from *La Patrie* of September 4:

"Seeing that the Conservative journals have published fantastic accounts of the discourse pronounced, we give here the exact text of the declaration of Hon. Mr. Laurier: 'I know that I shall be called upon to fulfil this engagement, because the Government itself cannot settle the question. How can you expect that men who are sworn to suppress Catholic influence will re-establish the Catholic schools which are the source of that influence? Thank God, there is not an Orangeman among us, the Liberals! The day when the people confide in me the direction of the affairs of the country, I shall have but to appeal to the Christian sentiments of my party to render justice to those to whom justice is due.'"

Mr. Tarte's paper in Montreal, *Le Cultivateur*, three days later (and probably copied from *La Patrie*), published a report of Mr. Laurier's Chicoutimi meeting, in which almost the identical words were used. It is now more than a month since this conspicuous paragraph began to go the rounds of the press, and the denial, which appears this week, seems a little late in arriving. Perhaps Mr. Laurier has been trusting over much to the belief people have that he is too astute a politician to have used such violent language, instead of remembering that Ontario knows full well that it is just the sort of stuff that Quebec likes to hear. The words, indeed, sounded unlike those of the polished and careful orator whose greatest efforts have recently been directed towards doing a great deal of public speaking without committing himself. Now what are we to think of either *La Patrie* or Mr. Laurier, or both? Are the French-Canadian papers, thinking to strengthen Mr. Laurier in Quebec, inventing these outbursts, and has the Liberal leader hitherto been too polite to deny having indulged in them after his friends had taken so much trouble and shouldered the responsibility and impropriety of putting them into general circulation amongst our French fellow-citizens, or has Mr. Laurier repented his words on finding out that they have had more than a local circulation? At any rate, there are a number of these disputes as to questions of veracity between Mr. Laurier and his friends of the French-Canadian press. We can readily believe that, carried away by zeal, some of the newspapers have been saying what they were eager to have had him say, for it must have become a trifle monotonous to those who were anxious to have Mr. Laurier "speak out in meeting" to be continually chronicling nothing more peppery than commonplaces and evasions. "Was it the Lady or the Tiger?" Did he say it or did his compatriots only want him to say it? Neither answer suggests pleasant thoughts.

Though I have no doubt that if Mr. Laurier follows the advice of his party managers he will continue to be "prudent" and non-committal, yet there are many respectable citizens, even strong partisans, who believe that when great public questions are being discussed the leaders of the parties who are seeking to settle them should not only have opinions, but express them fearlessly. One thing, however, is certain, that no public leader is entirely blameless who permits words to be put in his mouth by his political friends, and leaves the false impression to do duty in Quebec for a month before sending his denial to Ontario immediately preceding his visit to this part of the country. That there has been considerable of this sort of thing done everybody who reads the newspapers at all is convinced; that it cannot be done without the knowledge of the leaders—for they at least read the political papers—is absolutely certain. Even this phase of it cannot leave Mr. Laurier blameless, for his alleged words were published far and wide.

Speaking about denials, they are coming thick and fast just now. *L'Electeur* of Quebec stated that Archbishop Langevin had made public the

Order-in-Council lately passed by the Dominion Government on the Manitoba school question. It was hinted in a Government paper that Sir Mackenzie Bowell intended to make a demand on the Archbishop for an explanation as to why the text of the Order had been "given away." Of course we all presumed that the Government knew whether they had sent the Archbishop a copy or not, and *L'Electeur* being a Catholic paper certainly had no reason for attacking its own cause or His Grace. Now the Archbishop says: "The statement of *L'Electeur* is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard of. It is both malicious and untrue. I never received a copy of the Order-in-Council spoken of, therefore the whole matter is absurd on its face." So it is. This time the row seems to be between a Catholic paper that said something about Archbishop Langevin on one hand, His Grace as the second hand, with the Government of Canada, which

No good can result, at present, from any further discussion of the late unpleasantness between the faculty and the students, and if the *Globe* and *World* are wise they will drop the subject, for nagging at Tucker and Dale and some of the others who fought for principle and made all the sacrifices that were made, will only embitter the students. The *World* particularly is using exceedingly bad taste in denouncing as "fool-papers" all those who have seen fit to differ with one of President Loudon's relatives who writes some of its editorials. President Loudon is none too safe in his position, and a successful agitation for his removal would probably be inaugurated if it were not for the fact that through the Ontario Government's influence Rev. Principal Grant would very likely be offered the position. The Principal of Queen's University is certainly earning Liberal promotion by his letters on the Manitoba school question, for surely they

instance we all know to be true. The University cannot be successfully managed if struggles for promotion in the faculty are the order of the day, if conspiracies to obtain advantage are continually being formed and bitter disappointments are the result. President Loudon is by no means the only one to be blamed, but admittedly he is too weak for the place, and the place is such that a stronger man would not consent to occupy it.

Talking about education, attention has recently been called by the *Globe* to the report of the Minister of Education for 1894, in which it is stated that there were 5,272 schools in the rural districts, in ninety per cent. of which the Scriptures were read every day. Of the total number, 4,339 schools were opened and closed with prayer, or ninety-three per cent. The same law which makes imperative this recognition of the Bible and its teachings, has provided

clerical recognition of the existence of so many rural schools proves that the rural parson takes little interest in education or else has a sufficiently heavy task in looking after the business of his parish in other ways. Denominational schools in a city might possibly work, but is it not evident that in country districts they are an absolute impossibility?

If they are impossible in thickly settled Ontario, how can we think of forcing them by law upon Manitoba, where a population of 200,000 is scattered over 74,000 square miles, hardly three persons to a square mile? In a recent pamphlet by Mr. F. C. Wade, a leading lawyer of Winnipeg and the most brilliant writer in Manitoba, it is shown that more than one-half of each township is withheld from the homestead for railways, the Hudson Bay Company and school endowment. The list is published also of 196 where the average attendance is less than ten. In one instance a pupil in one part of the section would have to walk nearly eight miles to reach the school, while the average distance necessarily traveled by a child to reach a schoolhouse is between one and a half and two miles. It must be a heavy drain on the parents to support a school at all, even for a part of the year; then how could it be possible, without treating the province with the grossest tyranny, to try to force upon Manitoba a dual school system? And if such a system be inflicted upon the province, how many visits would the schools receive from the clergymen who are so anxious to assist our Roman Catholic friends to obtain Separate schools? Yet many of the Protestant clergy who have not time to make visits to schools even in towns and well settled districts, have been helping along the agitation for Separate schools in Manitoba. At Selkirk, Archbishop Langevin, replying to an address read to him, said:

"The cause he and all his Catholic friends had been fighting for for the past five years had been greatly strengthened by resolutions passed at a conference of Anglican Bishops in Montreal recently favoring Separate Schools, and also by the letters of Principal Grant, voicing the sentiments of the Presbyterian Church."

Of course the Presbyterians of Canada will laugh at the idea of their views being properly represented by Rev. Principal Grant, yet this public acknowledgment by His Grace of the harm that Dr. Grant is doing, and that all clergymen are doing who talk loosely and impractically on this subject, should be enough to prevent any further resolutions of a disturbing sort being offered in Synods and Presbyteries.

It was rather funny, wasn't it, when the deputation from South Ontario urged the appointment of William Smith, M.P., as Minister of Agriculture, and were told by Sir Mackenzie Bowell that when he came into power he found a "ready-made" Cabinet. Like many ready-made garments and hand-me-downs, the ready-made Cabinet fits nobody and has no style about it, and is by many people thought to contain a great deal of shoddy. A merchant sometimes takes the odds and ends of his stock and manufactures them into "ready-mades," and Sir Mackenzie's outfit is evidently the result of jumping together the remnants left over from the management of the three Sir Johns. Everyone who knows what the stock is like in the Ottawa Cabinet is aware that no such outfit would be ever made to order, but it is pretty tough for Sir Mackenzie Bowell to put such damaging admissions in his advertisements. It is no wonder that the cartoonists are already beginning to picture him as a somewhat Hebraic dealer in "ready-mades" and "second hands," fussing around his political bargain counter and wondering where he will have to pick up the next job lot.

The Deep Waterways Convention in Cleveland has been one of the most significant events of the week. The schemes suggested there have been astounding in their magnitude, fifty or a hundred million dollars being considered a trivial sum when compared with the vast interests connected with inland shipping. Some of the schemes have been denounced as visionary, but as they were propounded by engineers of high standing they have interested rather than appalled those who have read the reports of the convention. Three and a half years ago when I urged the necessity of a twenty-foot channel from Lake Ontario to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, I was ridiculed as advocating the construction of a canal in the moon. Since then faith in canals and appreciation of the possibility of making Toronto an ocean port have greatly increased, and the wise men of canal-building science go further and urge the necessity of controlling the rise and fall of the lakes. The very newspapers that in an editorial way laughed so loud at a much simpler and, it appears to me, more practical scheme, are now firm believers in still greater works. It is to be hoped that the great projects which have been suggested will not drop with the close of the convention. Indeed, it is impossible to drop them, inasmuch as the Chicago drainage canal, which is being built to the Mississippi, is almost sure to lower the level of the lakes and to destroy many harbors unless some remedy can be found. Necessity, thus, is forcing invention, and great results may be predicted.

By the way, why should the gentleman who holds by lease that portion of the city land upon which the Walker House is built, ask for a reduction of the price he now pays as rental for the property? The claim that the land is of less value seems to me to be a very weak one. His house became popular because it



THE SONG OF LOVE.

has certainly shown itself very friendly to His Grace and the cause he is advocating, as the third belligerent. It is really puzzling to tell who is fibbing, but that someone is not speaking the truth is very evident.

Amongst all the people who are busying themselves in politics generally and the Manitoba school question particularly, I think Rev. Principal Grant has heard some of the most unpleasant things said of himself. The principal contributor to these somewhat personal remarks has been the *Winnipeg Tribune*, which dismisses the educational and ecclesiastical explorer in the following paragraph:

We take pleasure in telling Mr. Grant that his letters have not effected public opinion in this province one iota. If they have had any effect it has been to consolidate and strengthen the sentiment against a return to the detested and detestable system. We regret to add that Dr. Grant in appearing as a disingenuous advocate of concession and compromise in the hour of trial has lowered himself in the eyes of the country.

Those interested in educational matters have reason to feel thankful that the elections in the University Senate are satisfactorily over and that the victory is not against the students' party.

read like astutely devised excuses for Mr. Laurier's attitude, if it can be said that he has an attitude. Outside of the "cloister politics" now agitating the University and causing more petty conspiracies and personal feuds than will be healed for many years, a wave of reorganization is likely to strike the cumbrous machinery with which the institution is managed. The commissioners who examined into the condition of things, it is true, whitewashed the Faculty, but they very clearly expressed the opinion that no institution could be long managed by three governing bodies and escape serious disaster. The only wonder is that the trouble did not come sooner. There are many of the best friends of the University who wonder that reorganization has not come sooner. I imagine, however, that it cannot much longer be delayed. If the Minister of Education desires to avoid burning his fingers he will probably manage matters as he did in connection with Upper Canada College, and cease being autocrat of the University. The professors and lecturers of an institution cannot be appointed by a politician without special favors being shown to special men, and that such favoritism has been shown in the present

that clergymen may impart religious instruction to the pupils of their own denominations after the close of the regular routine of the day. It is somewhat startling to find that in only 369 out of the 5,272 rural schools, was this privilege made use of by clergymen! In view of this, how empty and almost meaningless is the clamor of those clericals who are continually crying out for denominational schools. If the clergy had all the schools to look after, what would become of them when in only seven per cent. of the rural places any denominational instruction was given? Moreover, only 4,318 visits by clergymen of all denominations were paid to the 5,272 schools. I have no information to show how many visits were paid to the same school and how many remained entirely unvisited, but it is evident that there were not enough visits to go around and that at least 954 schools caught sight of no clergymen except as they went past. I am not urging that the visits would likely result in any great religious benefit to the children even if made, but a social visit and a little talk to children are always of great advantage to a school. The absence of such



was near the railroad station; now it is still nearer, across from the depot being on the same street with the main entrance of his hotel. The street is likely to vastly improve, the trains are no nearer, the noise no louder, the number of passengers arriving and departing is likely to be greater—then what harm has been done to the property? If anything its value has been increased, for there is no reason to imagine that the business of this very popular house will decrease. DON.

### Money Matters.

Early this year I ventured the prediction that this year would see an extensive development of mining in Canada. At the time of writing there were unmistakable signs of increasing activity in mercantile pursuits, and I stated the opinion that, with the re-awakening of the energies of the people, manufacturing and mining interests would be developed. This has come to pass. There is more business doing in manufacturing than has been done for several years, and mining may be described as booming. Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, Comptroller of Customs, has lately returned from British Columbia. In Kootenay district, which a few years ago was a wilderness, he found 7000 miners at work. This district will export \$3,000,000 of various products of the mine this year. At Kaslo, which three years ago had scarcely an existence, the Dominion officials now collect \$5,000 per month in revenue. Mr. Archibald Bue, our local Ontario statistician, has been visiting the Seine river district. He gives glowing accounts of the rapid settlement of the country up there and also of the excellent actual returns got by the miners. We are soon going to have a revival in iron and nickel mining in Ontario. The new Hamilton smelting works is being rapidly completed, and when it is in operation a great impetus will be given to iron mining interests. Some 300 tons of ore per day will be required. It is altogether likely that nickel steel will be long produced at the new steel works in the Ambitious City, and an industry be built up which will create a market for labor in a score of different directions.

Two weeks ago when the gold exports from the United States were filling the public with alarm and the newspapers with all kinds of sensational reports, I was influenced by a careful survey of the situation to state that within three weeks the exports of gold would probably be over for this season. During the present week no gold has been exported from New York, nor do I look for any further shipments this year. I think that as the fright is now over the Europeans will take hold of large quantities of American bonds and stocks, and thus effect a further improvement in United States finances. If the Europeans buy on a large scale we may see gold coming this way across the Atlantic before many weeks.

The Lake of the Woods Milling Co. have closed a successful year. The directors have just declared a dividend of 10 per cent. on the capital stock of the company.

Money is easy, notwithstanding the demand for the movement of the crops. From all that I can see, money is going to continue cheap. Capital is increasing and currency is being economized in many ways. The rates will probably tend downward rather than upward. There is no doubt that the trade revival has made a largely increased demand on capital, but the accumulation of money in the chief monetary centers is so vast that no impression is all intents and purposes has been made on rates.

Toronto Railway stock has been down to 81½, but shows signs of improvement. This stock is good to buy and hold.

Commercial Cable Co. has declined to 162. This stock cannot go down much, as it strikes buying orders on any slight decline. It is not likely to be bought much under 162, and by the turn of the year it will, in my opinion, be bought at very much higher prices.

Canadian Pacific shares have been active lately. The improvement in the position of the company's affairs has given an undercurrent of strength to its bonds and shares. No change in the situation of the light companies is announced. The stocks of these companies may be all right, but just at present I would not advise buying. EAD.

### Social and Personal.

ON Saturday society divided itself, or made itself almost ubiquitous, in an effort to do justice to three events. The usual smart crowd went east to the Woodbine, where the utter contrast in the weather to that of a week before made a complete transformation in the *mise en scene*. The man who bewailed the tropical heat of the first race day, and also the fact that the nobby top-coats in which his soul delighted were impossible while the mercury soared high, wore one of said irreproachable garments with an air of great swagger and satisfaction last week. They are immense, those race coats! and more dear to the heart of their wearers than ever was the smartest and most original gown to the most feather-brained female devotee of fashion. Was there no more curiosity and talk over Captain Hendrie's pearl buttons last year than over all the glories of the grand stand? Yea, verily! On Saturday there were some smart dresses, but a good deal of mulling in velvet and furs, and here and there a little blue nose, for the wind was decidedly raw. The drags and the private car brought up smart parties, and many of the elegant carriages of the *beau monde* lined up in the coach yard. One very pretty little trap in two kinds of wood was much admired. The ladies' race did not come off, but that fact was generally known beforehand, so that people were not much disappointed. A good many were relieved from a degree of apprehension thereabout, for a spill would have been very dreadful, even though no one was hurt. There was a good deal of enthusiasm when Captain Forester won with Dodo, for this perfect rider has had a run of bad luck fairly exasperating both to himself and his admirers. The pretty mare came in well ahead, and the Captain was overwhelmed with congratulations. Quite a number of people were obliged to leave before the events were all run, in order to accomplish a tour from Dan to Beersheba and present themselves in proper time at Mrs. Langmuir's tea. Mrs. Jack and Miss Hendrie were again down from Hamilton. Mrs. Hendrie in a gray costume, and her stylish *belle soeur* in a shot royal blue silk with the most up-to-date sleeves and a pretty round hat. Mrs. Hay was gowned in dark tartsan and a small bonnet. Mrs. Jones was snugly wrapped in velvet and furs and wore a smart little bonnet with roses. The very memory of the white frocks of the week before sent a shiver through

the crowd who sipped champagne, mullied claret, or the harmless tea with much comfort. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were as usual interested guests, and Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. Mulock, Judge Finkle, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mr. and the Misses Beatty, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Captain and Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Boardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. Andrew Drilling, Miss Arthurs and Miss Riordan, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. Wyld and Dr. Strange were a few of those comfortably ensconced in the grand stand or promenading on the lawn.

Mrs. Theodore King's P.P.C. cards have told her many friends that this charming little lady will not be with them this winter. Everyone wishes her *bon voyage* and *au revoir a bientot*.

Mrs. Catnach returned home this week.

"Murray's Dandies" kept open house in their armory on Monday evening, and ice cream and its accompaniments were daintily served to a large number of ladies.

Miss Jessie Murray of New York, whose engagement to Mr. Vaux Chadwick was chronicled some months ago, is visiting in Toronto. During last week and the earlier part of this week Miss Murray stayed with Mrs. E. H. Daggan of Wilcox street.

I hear of a cycling party which is arranged for an autumn ride from here to Kingston.

Beside the golf jersey, the newest thing in wheeling costumes is the Norfolk jacket, hat, skirt and leggings of mottled tweed.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Fraser have returned to town. I believe they are going for a short time to Collingwood before settling down in Toronto for the winter.

Several well known society people who have been invalids during the summer are happily much better. Mrs. Cosby, though not yet well, is looking quite herself after her long and painful siege. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald is regaining strength. Mrs. Basworth leaves shortly for her new home in Montreal, where it is hoped she will continue to improve in health. Mrs. Casimir Gzowski is also quite better.

Miss Lash left this week for a long visit to the South. She will be in Arkansas for some months, and no doubt will enjoy her escape from the icy breath of winter.

Luncheons great and small, from the early and substantial home affair to the hurried bite at some fashionable restaurant, were the rule on Saturday. Race parties, matinee parties and cycling parties abounded, and indeed as a general rule the cycling craze has upset the usual commencement of the calling season. The hostess who owns a wheel and "stays in" on a fine day, which happens also to be her "day," is frankly voted a goose by the cycle-crazed sisterhood. "I am coming to call, but I'm coming on my bicycle," is the *insouciant* utterance of more than one bright-eyed devotee. Why not? There will be damp and cold and dull days soon when one can drive in state.

A very happy and auspicious event occurred on September 26 at the residence of the bride's mother, Toronto, when Mr. William Seymour MacKay of Toronto University and Miss Letitia Christini Dart were married by Rev. E. R. Hunt of Ingersoll. When they return from their bridal tour Mr. and Mrs. MacKay will take up their residence in Toronto.

The congregation of All Saints' church may well be proud of the prosperous state their church is in, as shown by the annual book report published. Rev. Arthur Baldwin, M.A., has been the only rector of this large parish. He ought to be proud of such a parish, as it is what he himself has made it. The congregation has since its inception been led by a magnetic man who is a mass of energy and has done a giant's work for the church in Toronto. Mr. Baldwin's name is a household word in East Toronto, and all creeds and classes have learned to respect him. He is one of the ablest and most efficient preachers in Toronto.

Mr. Fiddles Boyd of Bloor street and Mr. Arthur Blackwood returned to the city this week from Walkerville, where they have been visiting.

Miss Carty of Jarvis street entertained a bevy of Toronto's fair daughters at luncheon last week. Among those present were: The Misses Phillips, Miss Robins of Walkerville, Miss Jackson, Miss Phemie Smith and others.

Mrs. Saddler of Philadelphia was the guest of Mrs. Hay, Isabella street, last week.

A large and fashionable attendance of spectators witnessed the annual athletic sports of the Toronto Church street school for boys at Rosedale on Friday afternoon of last week. The weather was all that could be desired and the past and present enthusiasts and supporters of this school were out in force. The Bishop of Toronto is president of the school corporation and Mr. W. H. Lockhart Gordon is secretary. The games committee consisted of the staff of masters, and Masters Burgess, Carruthers, Wright, Kemp, Proctor and Robertson, with the Bishop's son, Master Stanley Sweatman, as secretary. Master Charlie Sweatman, the cute little son of the Bishop, won the boys' exciting bicycle race for boys under twelve. Master Bartlett, who would have stood a good chance for the championship, sprained his ankle in one of the races and had to retire. The school championship was won by F. W. Callaway, who secured nineteen points; Edgar Carruthers came very near winning, securing second place with seventeen points; the competition was very keen and exciting. The prizes will be presented in October on prize day. Among those present were: The Lieutenant-Governor, the Lord Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Sir Casimir Gzowski, Mr. C. S. Gzowski, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lockhart Gordon, Mrs. (Dr.) Moorehouse, Mr. Alan Macdougall,

Mrs. (Dr.) Wright, Miss Wright, Mrs. and Miss Moss, Mrs. and Miss Wragge, Rev. Mr. Aborn, Capt. George H. C. Brooke, Mr. T. L. Church, Mr. E. H. McLan, Mr. Brock, Mr. Fred Somerville, Mr. E. T. Eaglish, Mrs. Ireland, Mr. S. DuMoulin, Mr. H. Brooke, Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Alex. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Baird, Mr. J. H. G. Hagarty, Mr. Glyn Osler, Mr. F. L. Gordon, Mrs. and Miss Street, Mr. Smellie, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Massey, Mr. Warren, Mrs. Coulson and many others.

I hear that Mrs. John Cawthra contemplates a flight to other lands for the winter. The ancient exodus from Egypt is rivaled these days by the fashionable pilgrimages to that pleasant winter resort, and quite a number of Toronto people have already tasted its delights. Mrs. Cawthra's departure is not definitely announced, but probably soon will be, and it is on the cards that the mistress and daughter of Chadleigh, as well as Miss Mabel Cawthra, will be of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winstanley have rented their house furnished for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackstock and Mrs. Gooderham of Wavney are away at the West Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Valliers Sankey are still on the island, but will return to their home on Haron street on the fifteenth.

Mr. Frederick Starr Jarvis of London was in town for a short visit last week, and was in the stalls at the Grand with Mrs. Clarkson on Saturday evening.

Miss Cousins of Beverley street has rented her house furnished and will be *en pension* for the winter.

On Tuesday evening a party of about a hundred members of the Independent Order of Foresters from Hamilton were tendered a reception in Confederation Hall by an equally large number of Toronto members of the Order. The evening was a delightful one, long to be remembered by the Foresters of the sister cities, demonstrating as it did that the Foresters are not merely a successful insurance society, but a fraternal order that is every day becoming more popular socially. It is doubtful if even now there is any order in Canada, excepting perhaps the Freemasons, that contains so many members of high social, commercial and political standing. The chair was occupied by Past High Chief Ranger Rev. Alex. McGillivray, who made an exceedingly entertaining toast master. The speeches and singing were good, but of course the chief feature of the evening was the reply of Supreme High Chief Ranger Dr. Oronhyatekha. He is an exceedingly able and fluent speaker and marshalled the facts of the rise, progress and high position of the Order in a masterly manner. A little after one o'clock in the morning the special excursion cars of the Street Railway Company conveyed the entertainers and guests to the special Grand Trunk train which was awaiting them.

Mrs. Moore of Ottawa was in town last week. After placing her daughter at school Mrs. Moore returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. McGee of Ottawa is going to take up house in Parkdale at 155 Dunn avenue. Her son, Lieutenant Byrd McGee, is on leave from his regiment, now stationed in Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Wily Grier are at home and Mrs. Grier will receive on October 10, 11 and 12, next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, at her apartments over the Imperial Bank.

Mrs. Jarvis gives a small tea for her daughter, Mrs. Brydges, this afternoon.

Mrs. P. D. McKinnon of Winnipeg is visiting her sister, Mrs. Leckie of Earl street.

Miss Dallas and Miss May Tilling of College street have returned home after spending the summer on the Continent.

Major Kennedy will be home from England to-day.

Major Harry Pellatt, assisted by Captain Mason, inspected St. Stephen's church boys' Brigade on Tuesday evening last, and was greatly pleased with the efficiency shown.

Miss Frankie Chard of Robert street has returned to the city after having spent a very pleasant three weeks with friends in Cherrywood.

Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on Wednesday.

Mr. Castell Hopkins, since completing his work upon the life of Mr. Gladstone, just published, has been spending a couple of weeks with friends in Ingersoll.

Miss Marion Barker, daughter of Inspector Barker of the P. O. Dept., leaves this week for a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Kent of Kingston, where Miss Barker's assistance has been asked at the Ode English Fayre to be held next week in the Limestone City.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Anglin have removed from Queen street avenue to the east side, and are established at No. 2 Earl street, where Mrs. Anglin receives on Mondays.

Miss Maye Hart, sister of Mrs. George Hart, who is now in Halifax, is in town on a visit. Miss Hart's playing is almost professional and she is an enthusiastic pianist.

Mr. Yorke leaves for the Old Country immediately.

The engagement of Miss Rose Templeton of Windsor, Ont., and Mr. Harvey Willis of this city has recently been announced.

The handsome little church of St. Basil was on Wednesday last the scene of a fashionable wedding, when Miss Frances E. Kormann, daughter of the late Ignatius Kormann, was married to Mr. J. C. Walsh, editor and proprietor of *Walsh's Magazine* and late editor of the *Catholic Register*. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Brennan, assisted by Rev. Dr. Treacy. The bridesmaids were: The bride's sisters, Misses Therese and May Kormann; Mr. James W. Mallon, B.A., LL.B., of Toronto, was groomsmen. Mr. Harry Kormann of Chicago gave away the bride, and Master Percy Small was the page. The bride wore a gown of white faille trimmed with brocade and Brussels lace, and a double crescent of pearls, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids wore cream duchesse satin, with Honiton lace and pearls. The Wedding March was played by Rev. Father Murray and Mr. Costello sang an Ave Maria. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of Mrs. Kormann, 10 Bloor street east, where some eighty guests sat down to the wedding breakfast, which was served by Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh left by the 2.30 p.m. train for an extended bridal tour through the West.

Here is an outcome of last week's theatrical craze. "Shall you go to see Irving?" asked one lady of another. "I think not," replied the elder dame. "Oh, but you should hear him play *The Bells*. It is marvelous." "Well," remarked the senior member of society, "I don't believe he will play them any better than those people did at the Exhibition; they were perfect." And her friend, after one wild stare, left her in blissful contentment.

The event of next week will be the dance at the Victoria Club, which is now assured of success. The whole building is to be thrown open to the guests, and many pretty sitting-out places and cosy nooks are arranged. The music will be first-class and a list of patronesses, whose names are among the best known in Toronto, appears on the cards. The evening of Friday has been settled for the dance.

On Friday of this week the opening hop at the Athletic Club was a successful affair, of which I shall write next week.

Mrs. John Worthington of St. George street is in Chicago visiting her son, Mr. E. E. Worthington.

Mr. and Mrs. Roper and Miss Roper have returned from their pretty summer home at Buenavista, Lorne Park.

The Melba Concert comes at a time when everything makes for its success. We hear the prima donna, fresh from the summer rest, not jaded and weary after a busy season. Most of our people are home from their holidays, or not yet started on their flight south. There are brides galore, in fine gowns which are "shrieking to be shown," like Molly's parrot. By the way, a number of brides are receiving this week, and this fact has given quite an impetus to the calling season, which does not seriously begin until after November 1. *Apologies*, the Government House Wednesdays date from the first Wednesday in November.

A rival of cycling these fine days is golf, and when the mistress of the home is missing when callers arrive, if she is not on her wheel she is surely on one or other of the links, tramping valiantly after the tiny sphere, the flight of which brings her either defeat or victory. Many of our active matrons are divided in their allegiance, but I rather think cycling as being less remote and requiring less time for its satisfactory indulgence "has it" just now. If golf did no more than to introduce the graceful cape which is worn it has our gratitude.

### Business and Pleasure.

A pleasing event took place on Friday last at the offices of the Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co. Ltd., when Mr. A. G. McKenney, the Company's traveling representative in Ontario, who had lately joined the honorable order of Benedicts, was presented with a very handsome onyx clock, bearing a gold plate suitably inscribed. The full staff of the company assembled in the main office, where Mr. H. D. Warren, the President, in felicitous language made the presentation expressing the goodwill of all. Mr. McKenney replied with feeling and characteristic modesty.

In our dramatic column reference is made to the coming of Mr. James O'Neill to the Princess Theater for the last three nights of next week. *Virginius* and *Monte Cristo* are fine dramas and well known, but *The Courier of Lyons* or the *Lesurques Case* is one new to Toronto people.



Mr. James O'Neill in his dual role.

As a romantic drama it is not easily surpassed, and a splendid show should witness its production at the Princess. In this play Mr. O'Neill plays a double role, and we give a picture showing him in the two characters, the honest man and the bandit. James O'Neill is an actor of the first class and the best people in town should turn out during his engagement.

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## Social and Personal.

Mr. Sanford Evans' lecture on Thursday evening to a crowded hall full of invited guests of the Saturday Club, was one of the most finished and charming efforts in the lecture line ever offered for the profit and pleasure of a Toronto audience. Mr. Sanford Evans has a delightfully clear and pleasant voice, a most attractive presence and a faculty for saying a good deal in few words. There was never a sentence too long in all his lecture, and every sentence was a gem. The quiet and absorbed audience, which contained some of our brightest intellects, found the evening all too short, and have no doubt had many retrospective pleasant thoughts on George Eliot's Spanish Gypsy, which was the subject of Mr. Sanford Evans' talk.

There has been quite a family re-union at Judge Kingsmill's this week to welcome Captain Kingsmill and rejoice over his advancement in the service. Captain Kingsmill leaves on Monday for the West and will go by the Empress of India across the seas. Mrs. Pringle of Guelph and Mrs. Galt of Montreal have been down to visit their father during the week.

Mrs. Welford of Woodstock has been on a visit to Mrs. Clinch of St. George street for the past week. I believe she returned home today. On Thursday Mrs. Clinch gave a tea for Mrs. Welford.

Mrs. A. Blackburn of Brooklyn, N.Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Coulter of Wellesley street.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter of Buffalo have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir for some days. On Saturday Mrs. Langmuir gave a large tea, partly for her guests, and also to introduce her daughter, who is a very charming debutante. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Porter in her old home again, and looking as bright and happy as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Porter have been doing the Continent, yachting on our lakes, and having a delightful summer generally before settling down, which I am told they have decided to do in Buffalo. The pretty gown worn by Mrs. Porter at the tea was of yellow shot brocade with touches of black, and exactly suited her brunette beauty. The debutante wore a dark frock simply made, with rose vest. Some of the ladies who filled every available space and abounded the meek and subdued male persons into corners, were very smart in their race gowns. By the way, there were a great many men at this tea. The Italians played very sweetly in a nook in the hall.

Mrs. Totten is home from Europe and is to be for the winter at Mrs. Mason's, Spadina road.

People have largely departed from the conventional in their way of spending their holidays recently, and every year they are finding new ways of getting the best of Dame Nature's good things. One of the very pleasantest little tours imaginable is a driving trip, going by way of Hamilton, Grimsby and St. Kitts to Niagara-on-the-Lake, and returning either by water or rail. Mrs. Bickford tells me of such a trip, which she made a few days since with her guest, Mrs. Lyon, and accompanied by her sons on their bicycles. There will be plenty of fine days this month, it appears, and coaching or driving parties around the west end of Lake Ontario might attract many to whom the superior joys of a cycling tour are impossible.

The annual meeting of the Girls' Home will be held in St. George's Hall on Friday next at four o'clock. The Lieutenant Governor will preside. The slight epidemic of scarlatina at present prevailing in the Home is the *raison d'être* for the holding of the annual meeting elsewhere.

Mrs. J. D. Hay and her little ones returned from Oakville this week and are again at Strathearn.

The Jockey Club dance on Friday in Hamilton was, as usual, a great success, and the Gymkana this afternoon will no doubt excel that of last year, jolly as it was. I hear there is to be a charming dance at Ballynahinch, the Martin residence on Tuesday evening, to which some Toronto people are going, and of which I hope to say something next week.

That the concert given by the united bands of our three fine regiments was a success, goes without saying. And that each crowd thinks its own chick the whitest is another undoubted fact. The Killies swear by their white-haired conductor, the Grens. quote a Scottish musician of repute, who declared Mr. Waldron to be the most finished and forceful leader, while the boys in green calmly assert that there is no band and no bandmaster to touch the Queen's Own. And so everyone is satisfied and all are happy. I heard a little woman, who is cleverer than she pretends to be, remark with quite an air of surprise, as she saw one and the other of this trio of peerless conductors take his place on the platform, "Why, I thought they were all in jail for playing on Sunday." The sight was really quite impressive from the reserved galleries, the solid block of chairs packed with people, the throng who promenade around and around, the brilliant colors of the massed bands on the platform and the inspiring music that filled the vast expanse of the Armories. And there was a tour of inspection to be made of all those cosy mess-rooms and the small armories downstairs, where divers parties were admiring the cosy nooks and being entertained by the gallant non-coms. The north gallery was reserved for the Government House party and the commanding officers, and the gallery *vis-a-vis* for the officers of the various regiments and their ladies fair. Altogether, beside the financial success, which was complete, and the musical excellence of the programme, there was a distinctly enjoyable *à la militaire* flavor which seemed to suit the guests wonderfully well. Indeed, I heard many a wish expressed that these band concerts might be a monthly affair during the winter season.

Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski entertained Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry at luncheon last week. Many invitations to teas were perforce declined by the artists, who were rather hard-worked, professionally, during their week in Toronto. I believe there was a supper



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or two, however, at which they were the honored guests.

Mrs. Crawford Scadding received during the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday this week. The quiet house on the corner of Sherbourne and Gerrard streets has undergone quite a transformation and is made bright and pretty for its new mistress.

Canon DuMoulin returned on Tuesday from Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Lucius O'Brien are also home from their sojourn in the East, and the friends of the artist are wondering what beauties will be theirs to admire in the charming studio on College street.

Mr. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon, Mr. Martland, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Percy Hodgins and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy were a few of those at Mrs. Langmuir's reception.

Rohallion has welcomed back its master and mistress, and the delightful hospitalities of this beautiful home have again begun, as Colonel and Mrs. Sweny so well know how to dispense them.

Miss Katie Stevenson is visiting Miss Martin of Hamilton.

On Saturday evening a very large and brilliant audience saw the close of the Irving-Terry engagement, during which almost every *habitué* of the Grand was present one or more times. Sir Henry plays many parts well, but none so well as his Waterloo veteran. Miss Terry occupied the Government House box and was well stared at by the audience, whose heads turned towards the west with amusing regularity whenever there was a movement in the *loge aforesaid*. Sir Henry gracefully acknowledged the reception given him by Toronto people, and bade his audience a prettily expressed *au revoir* at the last call before the curtain. An amusing feature of the week's performance was to be viewed at the gallery entrance each evening, where a group of nice-looking ladies were to be seen as early as six o'clock or even earlier, huddled in a dim corner close to the ticket office, while an ever-swelling

crowd of men gathered respectfully at a short distance and endured the interval of waiting with a good grace. It seemed the most subtle compliment possible to the gifted man and woman who played upon our heartstrings so many tunes last week.



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Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Brankmere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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## CHAPTER LVII.

"My lady is so fair and dear,  
That all my heart to her is given;  
One word she whispered in my ear  
And earth for me was changed to heaven."

He has held one of her hands all the time, but now she releases it. She has recovered herself marvelously, but there is still a good deal of nervousness in the laugh that breaks from her as she seats herself in the old rustic seat in the corner.

"Well—what?" She is evidently prepared to carry it off boldly.

"You don't mean to tell me there was no reason for that look in your eyes just now?" There is a very obstinate look in his own eyes just now, at all events.

"What look?" "Susan," says Crosby, with a solemn shake of his head, "you might as well give it up at once. You were never made for this sort of thing. You wouldn't take in a new-born infant. Come, get it off your mind. Make your confession. What has the immaculate James been doing?"

"James!" She tries to look surprised, but breaks down ignominiously. "Oh! Nothing," hurriedly. "Nothing. . . . Nothing at all really! Only—he's so stupid."

"He's been stupid very often of late, hasn't he? Look here!" severely, "you are suppressing something; either you or he (and you for choice, I should say, judging by the obvious guilt upon your countenance) have been doing something of which you are thoroughly ashamed. Even such small signs of grace are to be welcomed, but in the meantime I think a fuller confession would make for the good of your soul. Come, what have you been doing?"

"It was James a moment ago," says she slowly.

"Was it?" quickly. "I thought as much. But what was he doing a moment ago?"

"Nonsense!" flushing hotly; "you know what I mean; that it was James you were accusing a moment ago."

"True! And it should have been you. I am in fault this time, then. That makes a third."

"No, indeed, because I am not in fault at all."

"Then it was the immaculate one! What of him? Has he been at his old game again? Chasing you around the garden to—"

"Mr. Crosby!" There is indignant protest in her tone, but the rich color that rises to her cheek tells him that his guess has been at least partly accurate.

"Not that," says he. "Foolish James! Even as he says these idle words he is cursing James up hill and down dale for the abominable impertinence of him. No little shred of allowance for James's honest love for this pretty maiden enters into his heart."

"Well, go on! That is only a negative statement—if it is a statement at all."

"There is nothing to tell. And—she pauses—and anyway I won't tell it," says she.

Crosby suppresses a desire to laugh. Oh, how sweet—how sweet his little darling is!

"Not even to me? Your guide, philosopher and friend?" Susan—He is looking into her eyes, as if compelling an answer, "he proposed to you again, didn't he?"

"On, yes," says Susan, as if throwing a load off her mind. "And when I told him again that I couldn't and wouldn't—he—he was horrid. And he wanted—"

"Yes," Crosby's voice is sharp now. "But you didn't—"

"No. No. But I hate him."

"So do I with all my soul," says Crosby, more to himself, however, than for her hearing. He stands looking on the ground for a bit, and then:

"So you have refused the gunner. Poor James! You don't really care for him then?"

"I thought all the world knew that," says Susan. "Why, with almost pathetic contempt, 'can't he know it? It is unkind of him, isn't it, to make me so unkind? But I can't love him; I can't—a little sigh escapes her."

The rose on the straggling bush above her is not sweeter or more beautiful than Susan is now, with her pretty bent head, and her flower-like face, and all the delicate beauty of her soul shining through her earnest eyes.

A strange nervousness seizes on Crosby. He takes a step towards her, however, and takes both her hands in his strong clasp.

"Susan! Am I too old?" says he.

Susan turns her startled eyes upon him. Grows crimson, and then deadly white. She pulls her hand out of his, and turns away—but too late—too late to hide the rapture in her eyes, that the heavy tears in vain are trying to drown.

"Susan! My darling! My own sweet little girl! Susan!" his arms are around her now. "Is it true? So you do care for me! For me—such an old fellow next to you—you," clasping her to him and laughing, "are only a baby, you know. But my baby now, eh? Oh, Susan, is it true?"

Susan, lightens her hand upon his arm, but answer makes she none.

"Afterwards you may be sorry—thirty-four and nineteen—a great many milestones between us, you see."

"Ah! It is you who will be sorry," says Susan, lifting her head a minute from the safe shelter of his breast to look at him. It is a lovely look. Poor James! If he had only seen it!

"Are you going to lead me such a life as that?" says Crosby, laughing. "I don't believe it."

"You know what I mean."

"I don't indeed. I don't even know if you love me yet."

"Oh, as for that!" Suddenly she laughs too, and with the sweetest tenderness slips one arm around his neck and draws his head down to hers. "And besides, I'm very nearly twenty!" says she.

"Look here," says Crosby presently. "Too

much happiness is bad for any man! Now you sit over there," putting her into a far corner of the old garden seat, "and I'll sit here," seating himself with the sternest virtue at the other end. "Don't come within a mile of me again for a while, and let us be sensible and talk business. When will you marry me? Next week?"

"Next week!" with a laugh. "Is that talking business?"

"The best business!"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Where does the nonsense come in? I've been waiting all my life for you, and what's the good of waiting any longer—even a day? See here now, Susan! In seven days you could—"

"I could not, indeed!" She breaks off suddenly. "You are coming nearer."

"So I am," says he, sighing and moving back to his corner. "Good Susan! Keep reminding me, will you?"

"I certainly shall," says Susan, who has perhaps been only half understood up to this.

"Well—if not next week—next month?"

"Oh, no," says Susan. "In a year perhaps I—"

"How dare you make such a proposition? Come now, Susan, you have heard the old adage beginning, 'Life is short.'"

"Yes, but I don't believe it! And besides—No, don't stir! And besides—you are coming nearer!"

"It is all your fault if I am. You are behaving so disgracefully. The idea of your mentioning a year. I shall appeal to your father."

"I am certain he won't hear of it at all. He! Oh! There you are coming closer again."

"Susan," says Crosby sternly, "enough of this. I'll stand no more of it. You shall keep me at arm's length any longer."

"If I had had to do with it?" says Susan, arching her charming brows.

After which it takes only a moment to have the arm in question around her again, and to have her drawn into it—a most willing captive.

"Do you remember when you made me promise I would never steal anything again?" asks Crosby, after an eloquent pause.

"Yes."

"Well, I have broken that promise."

"You haven't, I hope."

"I have, though. I," with disgraceful triumph, "have stolen your heart."

"Not a bit of it," cries Susan, with a triumph that puts his to shame. "I gave it to you. Deny that if you dare."

He evidently doesn't dare. He does something else, however, that is quite as effective.

"Well, it's a month, anyway, isn't it?" says he. "In a month we'll get married, and we'll go away—away, all by ourselves, Susan—just you and I, to the heavenly places of the earth. You shall see the world, and the world shall see you—the loveliest thing that is in it."

"You mean that we shall go abroad?" says Susan. "To Rome, perhaps?"

"To Rome or any other spot your fancy dictates, so long as you take me with you." He draws her to him as he says this, and—"Susan, will you answer me one word?"

Susan's clear truthful eyes fasten upon his.

"What is it?" asks she softly.

"Am I the one man in all the world you would see the world with?"

The clear truthful eyes do not falter.

"Why do you ask me that?" says she. "Surely you know it."

"Where is your father?" asks he, presently.

"Let us go and tell him."

"Tell father?" Her tone has an ominous trembling in it.

"Why, of course," says Crosby, regarding her with some surprise. It must be forgiven him if he thinks Mr. Barry will be decidedly glad to hear the news.

"Oh, I couldn't," says Susan, growing quite pale. "He'll be very angry with me. He will keep on thinking of me as a child, you know, and I can't get him out of it. When I put on long frocks last year, I thought he'd see it then—but he didn't—and even the doing up of my hair wasn't of the slightest use."

"We might give him a third lesson," says Crosby. "Come on, and let us get it over."

"You!" Susan draws back, and her tone now is distinctly fearful. "You couldn't go without me, could you? By yourself, I mean?"

"I could, of course," says he. "But—"

"Oh, then do," cries Susan, giving him a little push—there are unmistakable signs of cowardice about her. And all at once to Crosby comes the thought—how pure at heart all these people are—how "far from the mad ding crowd" of self-seekers. She has not realized that he is what most of his town acquaintances call a "good match." She is even afraid to announce her engagement to her father lest he should think her too young to marry. It sounds incredible, but a glance at Susan and a vision of the sad man sitting alone with his new sorrow and disappointment, in his little study beyond, dissolve all suspicions.

"Yes—do go," says Susan. "To tell you the truth, father is in rather a disturbed state of mind just now, and I'm afraid he won't receive you very well. He may be grumpy! He is unhappy! He has lost a great deal of money lately."

"A great deal?"

"A very great deal. Four hundred pounds!" Susan looks tragic. "And it had been set aside to put Carew into the army—so of course he feels it. The bank failed, you see."

"Banks will do these rude things at times," says Crosby. "But what I fail to see is, why you can't come with me and get your blessing on the spot."

"Why, I've told you," reproachfully. "Father is in a bad temper, and he—"

"Oh, I can't go," says she. "But you can—"

"Alone! After the awful picture you have just drawn of your father's wrath! Have you no regard for my life, Susan? Is this your vaunted love for me? To abandon me remorse-

lessly to the foe! Is it safe, do you think? Suppose I never come back?"

"Tut!" says Susan. "There—go on! But be sure you say it isn't my fault!"

"That makes an end of it," says Crosby. "Your fault? Whose fault is it, if it isn't yours? Susan, I refuse to stir a step without you. I feel it is your distinct duty to be there, if only to see fair play and be a witness at the inquest afterwards. Besides, I should like you to gather up my remains; you might give a helping hand so far. Seriously, darling, drawing her to him, 'I think it would be wise of you to come with me. He would understand so much better if—only you will look at me as you are looking now.'"

"Well, I'll come," says Susan, sighing dejectedly, but with another look that makes his heart sing aloud for joy.

"That's a darling, Susan! But now, before we go, I must put you through a strict cross-examination. To begin with, you are positive you love me?"

"Positive," Susan, laughing, lays her hands against his shoulders, pressing him back.

"That doesn't look like it!"

"It's true, though!" laughing.

"And it isn't out of pity!"

"I'll certainly have to pity you soon! Are you going out of your mind?"

"No wonder if I were." He swiftly undoes that unkind touch upon his shoulders and takes her in his arms and kisses her.

"I don't think that is cross-examination!" says she reproachfully—who no doubt later on will be capable of developing a little wit of her own.

"You are right. To continue then. How much do you love me?"

"Better," Susan's eyes, now sweeter than ever, raise themselves to his for one shy moment, "than anyone."

"That is vague, Susan. Give it a voice. Better than—Bonnie! Oh, no," quickly, "I shouldn't have asked that. Don't answer it, my sweetheart, pressing her head against his breast. 'We'll take another. You love me better than you thought you would ever love anyone—tell me that, anyway.'"

"Oh much, much more," says she. She clings to him for a moment, then steps back, and a little air of meditation grows on her.

"Do you know," says she in a low, rather ashamed tone, "about this very thing I have lately been very much surprised at myself."

"It is irresistible," Crosby bursts out laughing. Such happy laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" asks Susan, a little nervously.

"At you."

"At me?"

"Yes—because you are just the sweetest angel, Susan! What sort of rings do you like best?"

Susan is silent for a moment, and now through all the rose white of her skin a warm flush rises.

"You are going to give me a ring?" says she. "Do you know, I hadn't thought of that. A ring! I have never had a ring!"

He draws her head softly down upon his breast.

"Your first will be a sacred one then! It will be our engagement ring, my darling!"

"I should like a blue ring," says Susan shyly, after a little while.

"Like your own eyes. Sapphire then? So be it. It will do for a first one. But you must have a keeper for it, Susan, and you must leave that to me." He is silent a moment.

"Where are the best diamonds to be got?"

"Now come," says he. "I think honestly we ought to tackle your father together!"

## CHAPTER LVIII.

"My heart is full of joy to-day,  
The air bath music in it."

Mr. Barry is sitting at his shabby writing-table, in his very shabby study. His pale refined face seems paler than usual, and there is a look of dejection in his sunken eyes that goes to Crosby's heart. He has entered the room without a word of warning—a very reluctant Susan at his back, and has therefore caught that look on the Rector's face before he has had time to take it off.

"Mr. Barry," begins he quickly. "I—we—Susan, where are you? We," with emphasis that devastates the soul of the culprit next him, "have come to tell you that—Susan, this is mean," as Susan makes a base effort to hide behind him once again—"that Susan and I—he laughs a little here, partly through nervousness and partly because of an agonized, if unconscious, pinch from Susan, on his arm—"want to get married."



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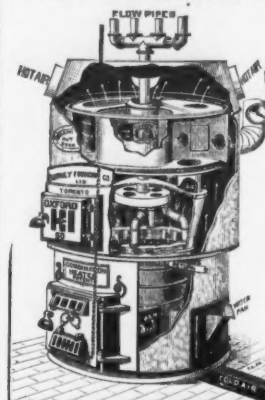
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Mr. Barry lays down the pen he has been holding since their unexpected entrance and stares at Crosby as though he were the proud possessor of two heads or else a decided madman.

At last a flush dyes the pallor of his face.

"Sir," says he, with dignity, "if this is a jest—"

"Not a jest such as you think," breaks in Crosby quickly, "though I hope our life together—with a quick glance back at Susan, who still declines to show herself—"will have a good deal of laughter in it. What I really want you to know—gently—"is that I have asked Susan to marry me, and she has said 'yes,' if—with charming courtesy—"you will give your consent."

Mr. Barry rises from his chair. If he could be pale rather than he was a moment since, he is certainly so now.

"Do you mean to tell me that you want"—he points at the only part of the abashed Susan that he can see—"that you want that child for your wife?"

There is a slight pause. It is long enough for Susan to cast an eloquent glance at Crosby.

"I told you so," is the gist of it.

"She is nineteen," says Crosby. "And she says that she—"

Here he comes to grief; it seems impossible to so true a lover to say out aloud that Susan has confessed her love for him. He turns around.

"I really think, Susan, it is your turn now," whispers he. "You might say something."

Susan gives him an indignant glance—hadn't she told him how it would be? But dignity sweeps her into the breach.

"It—it is quite true, papa," says she, faltering, trembling.

"What is true?" asks her father. She is not trembling half so much outwardly as he is trembling inwardly. This thing, can it be true! And that baby—but is she a baby! How many years is it since the other Susan—his own Susan—died?

"That—that I love him!" says Susan brokenly. When she says this she covers her face with her hands as if distinctly ashamed of herself, and Crosby, divining her thoughts, lays his arms around her and presses both hands and face out of sight against his breast.

Mr. Barry looks at him.

"She is only a little country girl," says he. As if disliking the definition of her, Susan releases herself and stands back from Crosby.

"And you—have large possessions—and a position that will enable you to choose a wife anywhere. Susan—has nothing!"

"She has everything," says Crosby hotly.

"When I look at her I know it is I who have nothing. What money, what position, could compare with the wealth of her beauty. . . . And now this gift of her love! . . . I am only too proud, I think myself only too blest to be allowed to lay at her feet all that I have."

He turns to his pretty sweetheart and holds out his hand to her frankly. And she comes to him. A little pale, a little unnerved, but with earnest love in her shining eyes. And as he bends to her—she gives him back with honest warmth the kiss that in her father's presence she gives her.

It seems a seal upon the truth of their declaration. Mr. Barry going to her lays his hands upon her shoulders. He is pale still, but the look of depression that almost amounted to despair that marked his face as Crosby first came in is now gone, and in its place is hope—and some other meaning hard to place—but pride perhaps is the nearest to it.

"God bless you, Susan, always," says he solemnly. In this moment, as he looks at her, for the first time it comes to him that she is the very image of her dead mother. "It is a great responsibility," says he—his words are slow and difficult. "Try to be worthy of it! Be a good woman and love your husband!"

"Oh, I will—I will, papa," says Susan, throwing her arms around his neck. It seems such an easy request. And all her fear of him seems gone. She clings to him. And the father presses her closely to him, but nervously, as if afraid of breaking down.

Crosby can see how it is, and touches Susan lightly on the arm.

"Go into the garden," he whispers to her. "I will meet you there presently."

There is a last quick embrace between father and daughter, and Susan, who is now crying softly, leaves the room.

"You will let me have her," says Crosby, turning to the Rector. "And I thank you for

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the gift. I think," earnestly, "you know enough of me to understand how I shall prize it."

Mr. Barry comes back from the window. "It is such a relief," says he quickly, and with extraordinary honesty. "It will be a weight off my mind. It is such a prospect that I could never have dreamed of for her. They tell me," absently, "that she is very pretty, her mother—at that age . . ." He does not continue his sentence. A heavy sigh escapes him. "I have had great trouble lately," says he after a minute or two. "And this—coming unexpectedly, has unnerved me."

"There shall be no more trouble that I can prevent," says Crosby gently, calmly, yet with strength. "You must think of me from today as your son." He pauses. "By the bye, I hear that there is some little difficulty about Carew's continuing his profession. That would be a pity considering how far he has gone. We must not allow that."

"There is no 'we' in it," says Mr. Barry, his thin white face now whiter. "I can do nothing in the matter. As you have heard so much of you, of course, know that the money that I had laid by for Carew's start in life has been lost."

"That failure of a bank? Yes. But—"

"You are giving a great deal to my daughter, Crosby," says the Rector quickly. "I cannot allow you to give to—"

"My brother, sir! Come, Mr. Barry, do not make me feel I am kept at arm's length by Susan's people. If a man can't help his own brother, whom can he help? And after all, if you come to think of it, have you any right to prevent my helping him, to check his career like this? Besides," laughing, "you may as well give in, as I am going to see him through, whether you will or not. If I didn't there would be bad times for me with Susan."

There is something about him—something in his happy, strong, kindly manner, that precludes the idea of offence of any sort; and Mr. Barry, after a struggle with his conscience, gives in. That suggestion about his having any right to deny the boy his profession, had touched him.

"Well, that's settled," says Crosby comfortably. And it gives an idea of the charm of his character that as he says it no feeling of chagrin, of smallness enters into the soul of the man he has benefited. Mr. Barry, indeed, smiles a happier smile than his worn face has known for many a day.

"God bless you, Crosby!" says he. And then, pausing and coloring—the slow and painful color of age—"God bless you, George. It is useless to speak. I cannot say what I want to say. But this—His tone, nervous and awkward always, now almost stammers. "This I must say, that Susan ought to be a happy woman."

"Oh, as to that," says Crosby, laughing again, a little nervously himself now, as he sees the other's suppressed emotion, "I hope so. I'll see to it, you know. But there's one thing sure—that I'm going to be a happy man."

He looks towards the window.

"I think she is waiting for me in the garden," says he.

"Well, go to her." But as he walks to the door the Rector follows him, struggling in his silent way with some thought; and just as Crosby is disappearing through it the struggle ends. Mr. Barry goes quickly after him and lays his hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Crosby!" says he, with sharp feeling. "It is good to give happiness to others! It will stand to you all your life, and on your death bed, too. There, go to her! She is in the garden, you say."

And there indeed she is, waiting for him. He finds her in the old summer house watching shyly for him from between the soft green branches. And soon she is not only in the garden—but in his strong and loving arms.

(THE END)

#### Books and Authors.

WHEN it was announced some months ago that Mr. Castell Hopkins had almost ready for the market a *Life of Sir John Thompson*, there were many of us who doubted his wisdom in undertaking such a task. We had known him as a prolific writer on political questions, the knight errant of Imperialism, but one may write well enough without possessing any of the qualifications of an historian. The one who writes a biography of a Premier requires the gifts of an historian, and, speaking for my self and others, it was doubted that Mr. Hopkins, a very positive Conservative, could avoid special pleading in his projected book. But when it appeared those who read it were agreeably surprised, for beyond a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the place that Sir John is destined to hold in the history of Canada, the book was conspicuous for a reserved manner and a keen appreciation of values. Its weights and measures were accurate, and it was, moreover, highly interesting.

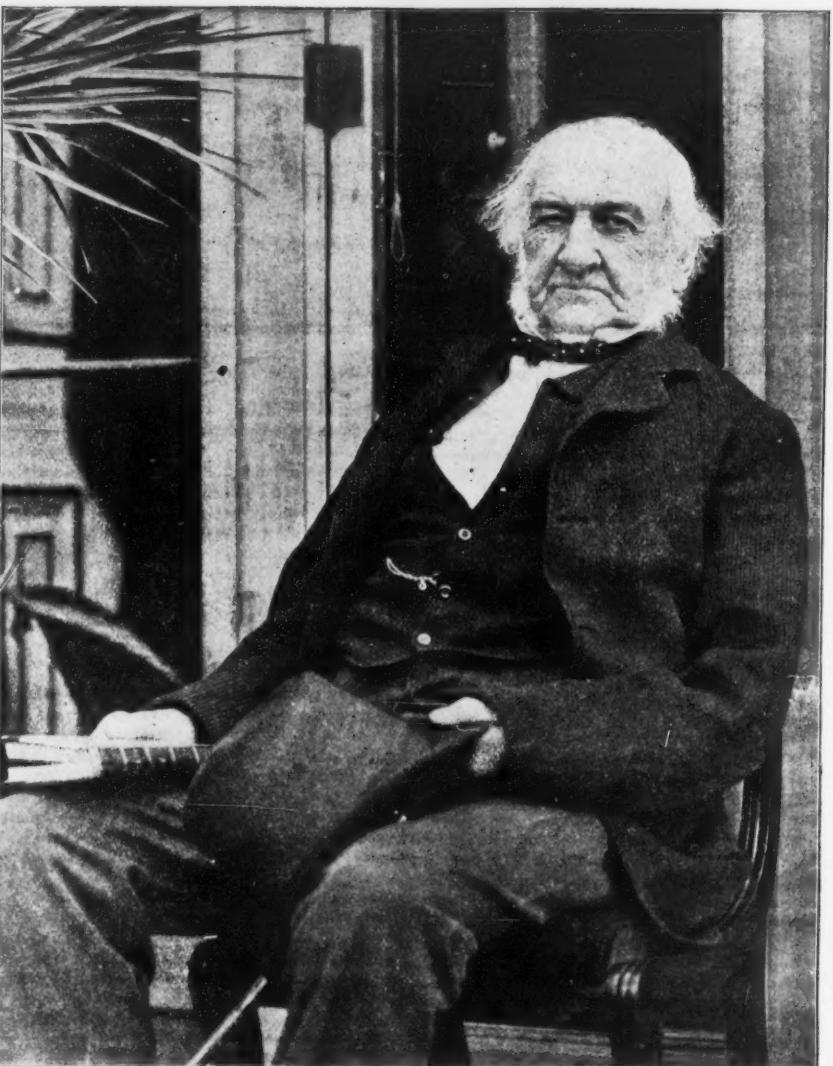
When, however, the success of that venture inspired Mr. Hopkins to write the *Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone*, it was felt by the newspaper men that their late colleague was striding too far. Now the book is out at last and must stand on its merits. The author recalls Lord Rosebery's observation that when Gladstone's life came to be written it would require to be undertaken by a joint stock company; but says that while realizing the force of this he has still been spurred to attempt the task. Well, the task is a big one. Mr. Hopkins has succeeded in giving us a very interesting and handsome volume. Once the reader begins it, such is the interest attaching to Gladstone and such the simplicity of the author's manner that it is laid aside with reluctance. Others may give us biographies of Gladstone possessing a deeper and truer insight into the man's nature and a more minute acquaintance with the springs of his action in great crises, but I really think that no biographer could treat his subject with more painstaking fairness. Mr. Hopkins has apparently outgrown the positivism that marked and marred his editorial work on *The Empire*, and estimates successive events of Mr. Gladstone's career on their value, and not because of their party source. There is something in the biographer's claim that the distance at which he stands from the

scene of Mr. Gladstone's labor, instead of detracting from the judgment which he passes upon the great Liberal leader, really enhances its value, for, as distance in time enables more accurate estimates to be formed of men, in this case distance in space serves, in a measure, a similar purpose.

In prefacing the book Hon. G. W. Ross says that the names of three men stand out conspicuously in this century as having impressed their personality upon the political institutions of the age, and probably on all ages to come—Lincoln, Bismarck and Gladstone. "By Lincoln's statesmanship a great republic was saved from destruction and disgrace; by Bismarck's statesmanship, a great Empire was founded in the very heart of Europe; by Gladstone's statesmanship, the material resources of a great people were developed beyond pre-

Gladstone at 83 years of age and at 39.

It is not my purpose to recapitulate the varied contents of Mr. Hopkins' volume, nor to condense in this column a story of Gladstone's life, but to indicate to our readers the interest and importance of the work—not to review it, but to editorially comment upon it. Any book relating to Gladstone is of importance, for the Grand Old Man is the most absorbing figure in the English world, although his work is done. What remains for me to do is to assert or prove if I can that the volume is interesting and deserving the prompt and general attention of reading people. The chapters treating of Gladstone's early life, of his school career and his early efforts at literature and politics, so engrossed me that I pursued the young man's fortunes far into the night. In this quality of interest the biographer has suc-



Mr. Gladstone at the age of 83

cedent, and the political liberties at the same time, extended and strengthened." The Minister of Education for Ontario, who is very happy always at turning new phrases, also observes: "To follow him was to fight under the banner of St. George, for was he not a great Englishman and a destroyer of dragons, by which the masses were being devoured?"

The book abounds in portraits, there being several of Mr. Gladstone, taken at various

ceded, in his narrative and dissertations, beyond expectation. There are certain chapters in which he attains a literary level reached only at exceptional times by the favored few. The chapter in which Mr. Gladstone is considered as an orator is one of these, and the succeeding chapter, wherein are reviewed "The Contemporaries of a Great Life," is another. In the former the oratory of Sir Robert Walpole, Disraeli, O'Connell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Edmund Burke and other



Mr. Gladstone at the age of 39.

ages, while all his great contemporaries, his adversaries and colleagues, from the time of his first entering Parliament, are represented in excellent half-tones. I have, with the permission of the author and the publishers (the Bradley-Garretson Co., Ltd.), reproduced two portraits from the book, showing Mr.

great parliamentarians is considered. Burke, we are told, had the "strange" faculty of speaking too long, so that when he arose the House soon emptied, and Goldsmith's reference to him is quoted:

Too deep for his hearers, he went on reasoning, And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.

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Really Mr. Hopkins should not have used the word "strange," for the faculty, I submit, is not a strange one at all. Mr. Gladstone is described as possessing in perfect poise, the best qualities of all the great speakers of his own and previous times. One may have surpassed him in conciseness, another in closeness of reasoning, another in what may be called "stump" eloquence, but in all the qualifications of an orator no one was ever so roundly developed and richly endowed as he.

The extraordinary length of Mr. Gladstone's public life is well illustrated in the chapter devoted to his relations with Canada, in which his share in the discussion of the Rebellion Losses Bill (1850) in the English Commons, is dwelt upon. At that time Baldwin was leader of the Government. In Canada since Baldwin's day we have seen a new generation of politicians grow up, become great and pass away, whilst Gladstone is yet the most interesting figure in Great Britain. In that long interval Sir John Macdonald, Hon. George Brown, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir John Thompson and many others have come and gone. Besides, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Gladstone's public life dates back beyond 1850, remote as that date is. Finally, let me repeat what I have said, that this book reflects great credit upon its author and publishers, for its great interest and its handsome appearance.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan has an illustrated article in the *Catholic World* for September on Canadian Poets and Poetry. Portraits are given of Alexander MacLachlan, Evan McColl, Frederic George Scott, Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, W. W. Campbell, Bliss Carman, J. W. Bengough and J. K. Foran, LL.D. It is rather startling to find grouped in one picture Messrs. Campbell, Carman and Bengough, owing to the feud between the two first named. Dr. O'Hagan has supplied a very readable article.

J. R. WYE.

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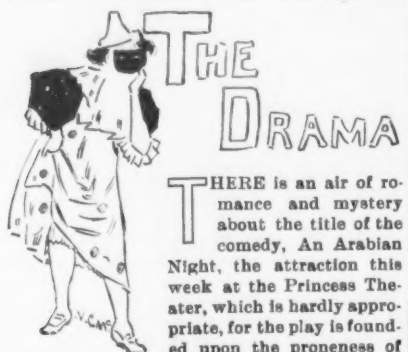
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## THE DRAMA

THERE is an air of romance and mystery about the title of the comedy, *An Arabian Night*, the attraction this week at the Princess Theater, which is hardly appropriate, for the play is founded upon the proneness of married men to wander from the "strait and narrow" path of virtue, and the sad consequences of so doing, coupled with the ingenuity displayed by a real old-fashioned mother-in-law in entrapping the erring husband, neither of which subjects can be said to be romantic, and which are, alas! too familiar to be in any degree mysterious. The opening of the plot takes one rather aback at first, for we are required to believe that a staid English householder, aided by the feeble disguise of a pair of false whiskers, the part of Haroun al Raschid, in the streets of London at midnight, and gets into no end of trouble thereby, for the object of his benevolent and paternal interest turns out to be an exceedingly self-sufficient and independent young lady, a circus rider, who calls on him next morning. As she insists on remaining, the Haroun al Raschid of the night before, now plain Mr. Hummingtop, is forced to introduce her as his niece, who is expected to arrive from the United States, trusting that he will be able to dispose of her before the real niece appears on the scene. In this he fails; and the situations that follow the arrival of the real niece are ludicrous in the extreme. The climax is reached at the end of the second act, and the hopelessness of the entanglement induces Hummingtop, at the opening of the third, to tell the whole story to his wife, hoping as he made such a miserable mess of the thing through falsehood that telling the truth will clear matters up. But it does not, for obvious reasons, for his relations have arrived at that condition of mind, always fraught with misfortune for the culprit, that they do not now know when he is telling the truth and when he is not, and his melancholy conclusion, "That's the worst of the truth, it's so confoundedly like a lie," has been arrived at by not a few others whose experience has been similar in form, though it is to be hoped not in degree, to his. However, the domestic mysteries of the stage are always susceptible of explanation, and the curtain falls upon reunion and happiness. The attractiveness of the piece, as presented by Mr. Bond and his company, consists chiefly in the ease with which the actors identify themselves with their parts; no effort to appear like the characters they represented was apparent; the idea of resemblance was lost in that of identity and thus the audience were at once brought into lively sympathy with the actors, whose claims upon their interest and appreciation were maintained throughout the piece. Mr. Bond, as Arthur Hummingtop, was thoroughly at home and received adequate support from the balance of the cast. Mr. Charles R. Palmer's well known song, *My Little Irish Love*, now a general favorite, was prettily sung by Miss Millie James and received much applause. Altogether, *An Arabian Night* is an entirely satisfactory attraction and has been much appreciated.

Seriously, though, as the husband of as many wives as the law allows, I must raise my voice in protest against this representation—or, rather, misrepresentation—of the character of that much-abused and long-suffering class, our mothers-in-law. It has the serious fault of being untrue to nature; the mother-in-law celebrated by paragrapher, punster and playwright—the alliteration is unintentional, but convenient—does not exist. The maternal grandmother of our children is like the devil—so far I agree with the paragraphers, etcetera, aforesaid—but only in that she is by no means as black as she is painted, though there is possibly a further resemblance in that she is popularly blamed for a great deal of which she is innocent. The dear old soul who takes care of the little ones, night after night, when *pater* and *materfamilias* are off enjoying themselves, the solacer of infantile woes, the recipient of childish confidences and the unfailing supplier of fairy tales and candies, deserves better at our hands. Do not let us unthinkingly calumniate our mothers-in-law. They are a necessity of the age; we can not do without them, try as we may. Obviously, if there were no mothers-in-law there would be no wives; and no man can contemplate such a possibility without a shudder.

Following the example of the distinguished agriculturist who fed his pigs one day and starved them the next, in order that the pork might show alternate slices of fat and lean, the management of the Grand Opera House considered that after a week of Irving and Terry its patrons would not be in the mood to appreciate an attraction however meritorious and, therefore, provided for them during the first half of the week an attraction which could hardly, as such, be taken seriously.

Briefly stated, *My Wife's Friend* depends for its success upon the ability of the audience to follow an altogether tedious succession of complications, arising in the main out of the personation of Mr. Jack Luster, the estranged son of a wealthy old party in India, by Bill Barz, whose father, a German shoemaker, is quite unable to tell, even when prompted by the astute Bill, when his son is his son, and when his son is not his son, and whether there is or is not any difference between Mr. Luster's son and his son; and so on. There is, of course, the inevitable little girl who finds out things and appears at opportune moments with a supply of misinformation that sets everybody off on the wrong track again, until finally the jumble ends by the culprit confessing that he is not his father's son nor his wife's husband, nor, in fact, anything or anybody that he ever said he was, which, of course, is a perfectly easy and natural solution of every difficulty. This part was taken by Mr. W. C. Andrews, who certainly made the most of it, but the boundary between the amusing and the absurd is too often crossed to give him a fair chance to show what he could do, had he a more attractive play in which to display his talents. Miss Antoinette Walker has a pretty face and is bright and lively, but the rest of the cast are unable to relieve the dullness of the surroundings. Miss Marion Groux, as the wife of the supposed Jack Luster, does probably all that can be done with an intolerable part, and sings with a warmth of expression hardly warranted a plaintive ditty entitled *Love is a Garden Fair*. Probably it is; but, if so, the following extract is hardly explicit enough:

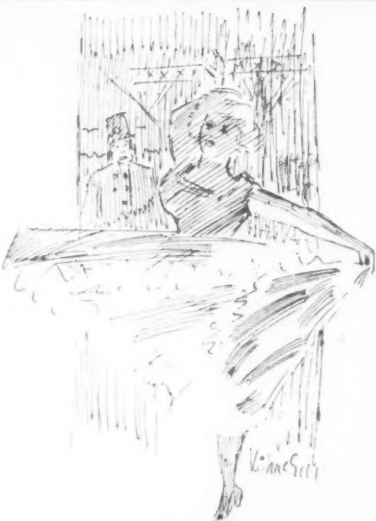
Love is a garden fair,  
As heaven above,  
The sweetest blossom there,  
Is true, true love.

There are some bright spots in the dialogue, but not enough to relieve the monotony of a decidedly dull and uninteresting chain of incidents.

Theater managers who aim to look closely after the interests of their patrons would do well to keep a watchful eye on the weather. Both the Grand and the Princess were too chilly for comfort last Monday night, and shivering audiences are rarely appreciative and never enthusiastic.

Robert Gaylor is the best Irish comedian that comes to this town. He is not the standard stage Irishman familiar to us in the form of Joseph Murphy or Dan McCarthy, but he is superior to them both because he is a natural born comedian. Last week I was induced to say that Gaylor had abandoned farce—comedy and that his piece, *In a Big City*, was a straight comedy drama. I was misinformed, however, for the piece proves to be a mixture of the commonest farce-comedy and the commonest melodrama. It is not what I expected at all, and it is not the best vehicle for the talents that Mr. Gaylor possesses in marked degree. He should secure from some good playwright a comedy suited to his parts—the idea embodied in his present piece if elaborated by a skillful playmaker would yield something of a superior order, leaving out the sobbing melodrama and the dancing specialties on the streets.

For pity's sake tell us, who is Charles T.



A Skirt Dance in Sweeney's Ward.

Vincent? Where is the factory in which are produced these gurgling melodramas and these unutterably insane farce-comedies? Here is a theme worthy of a playwright's care, and a comedian competent to handle a part however bright, yet the old villain, with his besotted assistant, after the same old "important" papers, the sweet young girl in the villain's meshes, etc., all the old material is used apparently because Mr. Vincent was too lazy to saw up new material for his purpose. The play tells the story of Cornelius Sweeney, an Irish emigrant. The first act shows his arrival at New York. In the second he is a policeman, in the third he is an alderman, and in the fourth he is nominated for mayor of the city. Now this could be worked out along straight comedy lines to great advantage with such an actor as Gaylor in the leading role, but no attempt was made to construct a new piece by Mr. Vincent. He neglected the rich opportunities of his theme.

Mind you, the performance as an entertain-

ment is not a failure. It is very far from that. Gaylor is irresistibly funny, and good opportunities are provided him for showing what he can do as an actor. My quarrel is solely with the playwright, who might have produced an original comedy out of material so abundant at hand, but who contented himself with following models. No one can refrain from laughter of the most spontaneous sort when Policeman Sweeney tries to bully the Italian with the basket of eggs. There is plenty of laughter from first to last, and not only is Gaylor the best of Irish comedians, but he has clever support. Al. Wilson is of course his best man; Basil West makes a typical stage villain, while Miss Allie Gilbert and Miss Fanny Bloodgood are a pair of plump little pigeons with dancing to do.

It is a fine thing to see Salvini as D'Artagnan, the famous guardsman created by Dumas, pere. As the young Gascon with every sense alert, every drop of blood in motion, bounds into view, ready to make his fortune with his sword, I always think it is a good thing for this generation of shop-keepers to rub up against his splendid vitality now and then. It is a good thing for those who wear spectacles to see once and again daring eyes such as his; it is a good thing for those whose teeth have been worn down biting coins in fear of counterfeiters, to see his brilliant and resolute teeth flash in emergency; it is well for those who have scratched themselves bald in petty perplexities, to see the rude health of his head—it is, in fact, instructive for a world of scribes, clerks, monks, friars, motley fools and secondary types of men, to contemplate a knight in the full bloom of his courage, as ready to die as to deal death, unwilling to live unless winning a reputation for bravery. Strife used to be between men—a bodily conflict—and usually the fittest survived. Those who died by the sword, died proudly; the victor in one affair, probably died in the same way later on. What of it? Everyone must die. You must die one day, however you may shrink and cuddle and doctor and whine. Did you ever think of that as an absolutely personal matter affecting your very own precious self? I don't believe we ever did sit down and study that fact, despite all the gabble there is about death.

I believe that the swordsmen of D'Artagnan's time served a great purpose. They let a lot of bad blood, though necessarily some that was good. Physical perfection was the ideal aimed at, and the cripples and cravens were left undisturbed in those occupations that now engross us all. If a hundred D'Artagnans were let loose in Toronto, full-grown and unaware of changed conditions, with their old notions of honor and their old swords at their sides, perhaps they would right a few wrongs and let some stagnant blood before powder and ball could lay their courage low—powder and ball invented by Fear, in a cloister, and by means of which Cunning finally subdued Courage, rules it now and shall while the world lasts. This is the triumph of a baser trait in man. Death, to be sure, is a sad thing, but every century sees the individual placing a higher value upon his life, so that it is difficult to think to what length may grow our terror of meeting death under any circumstances and at any age.

The final performance of the Irving-Terry Company was the greatest of the week. Two pieces were presented, *A Story of Waterloo* and *The Bell*, and Sir Henry Irving proved that he is the leader in his profession. The London newspapers had so fully described *A Story of Waterloo* and had so unanimously and unreservedly praised it that we knew what to expect, yet the power of it was such as to cast an actual spell over the large audience of Saturday night. It is in this character that Irving will longest dwell in our minds—the old soldier, ninety years of age, in his second childhood, muttering, mumbling, living again in the far past. After seeing his great performances as Corporal Brewster, as Becket and as Shylock, and comparing his work in old men parts with his characterization of Mephisto and King Arthur, it is impossible to repress a feeling that he does harm to his reputation as an actor in attempting such roles as Arthur. He has not a warrior figure; he lacks the elastic step, and, more than all, his voice has aged very markedly. A personage less Arthurian in physique, in movement and in articulation it would be difficult to conceive. Physical action counts in Mephisto also, but when we come to Becket, or Matthias, or Shylock, or Brewster, we find him peerless, for here he is depicting passions, emotions and intellectual phases. He can portray age, but when he essays youth or sturdy manhood his attenuated limbs trip up his art. But

Similar.



He—In one respect I'm like the rug that I kneel on.  
She—How so?  
He—Why, I'm always at your feet.  
She—Yes, I'm going to shake the rug soon.

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King Arthur, from a scenic point of view, was one of the finest things ever staged in this city.

Frederic Bond and the Princess Theater Stock Company will continue to hold the boards at the Princess until next Wednesday, when the present engagement of that clever organization will be brought to a close. The company, which has been greatly strengthened, will present on next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and matinee the three-act comedy, *Pink Dominoes*, which was played with such success by the Charles Wyndham Company at the Criterion Theater, London.

A capital attraction is announced for next week at the Toronto Opera House, when the talented actress, Miss Jeffreys Lewis, after an absence of many years, will make her reappearance in a repertoire of emotional plays. Some of her earliest triumphs were achieved in this city years ago. She plays a round of characters, most of them drawn from the side of life that is not lovely; but she invests them with such strength, acts with such intensity, makes her impersonations so actually real that they are all thrilling, and despite their shadows and moral defects she wins for them the sympathies of her audiences. In fact, no actress in similar roles succeeds so well in investing vicious life with such interest and such excusing phases as to command for them something a great deal warmer than commiseration and forgiveness on the part of the audience. Miss Lewis will present *Forget Me Not* on Monday and Tuesday evenings and at the Tuesday and Thursday matinees; *The Creole* on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and *David Belasco's* great play, *La Belle Ruse*, on Friday and Saturday evenings and at the Saturday matinee.

One of the most interesting theatrical events of the season will be the appearance of the romantic actor, Mr. James O'Neill, at the Princess Theater the last three nights of next week. Mr. O'Neill will open his engagement here on Thursday evening in James Sheridan Knowles' great tragedy *Virginius*. Since this play was first produced, in 1820, by the famous English actor, Macready, the piece has been an unquestioned triumph during all these years. The part of *Virginius* is one to which Mr. James O'Neill is eminently fitted, both by nature and art. His performance, therefore, of the proud Roman father may indeed be looked forward to as an artistic one. Miss Florence Rockwell will give a worthy representation of the purity, tenderness and grace of the sweet *Virginia*. On Friday night *Monte Cristo* will be presented, while *Virginius* will be repeated at the matinee and *The Courier of Lyons* given its only presentation Saturday evening.

The season's dramatic event will be the appearance of Miss Ada Rehan, supported by Mr. Daly's New York Company, which will appear in this city at the Princess Theater in November. Since Miss Rehan has been on the stage no one year has yet passed without some new record having been made to show continued growth in artistic finish and dramatic power, and no other actress of this or any other country has shown herself possessed in an equal degree of that personal distinction, intellectual character, technical equipment, versatility and power of charm that distinguish Miss Rehan from all others on the boards. The following plays will be given during her engagement in this city: *Railroad of Love*, *School for Scandal*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Clement Scott in the *Daily Telegraph* says: "Miss Rehan has given us three great and essentially womanly Shakespearean performances since she has been one of us—her Katherine, her Rosalind and now her Viola. Who shall attempt to say which is the best? For ourselves, charmed as we have been, we refuse to be the arbiter. The last given is the best remembered, and Miss Rehan's Viola will be a memory that time will with great difficulty efface."

A Fatal Card will run all next week at the Grand, to be followed by a week of Lillian Russell.

Salvini's bill is: *The Three Guardsmen*, Thursday evening; *Hamlet*, Friday evening; *Ruy Blas*, Saturday matinee; *The Three Guardsmen*, Saturday night.

Mr. Frank Yeigh will reopen his lecture season, and also reopen Association Hall after its interior redecoration, on Monday evening, October 14, with a new picture-lecture entitled *The Highways of Europe*, illustrated by a hundred new stereoscopic views of scenes from the North cape to Naples.

Mr. Kleiser will open his season with a recital early in November.

Tennyson.

(Oct. 5 is the Anniversary of the Poet's Death.)

For Saturday Night.  
They wait about thy grave, an envious band,  
And think to wear that kingly crown of thine,  
Whose glory 'twas to rest on brows benign,  
Whose lustre was the magic of thy hand:  
Let them but seek beyond Time's whirling sand  
Where Memory sits in her remotest shrine,  
And learn of her how men become divine,  
Through fellowship of service, poor or grand.  
And though thy path be barred, nor may I kneel  
Now, at thy feet, till Love for all atones  
And sets alight what God regards amiss,  
Yet shall I find thee when I make appeal  
To some wise sceptre of the shining throne  
Of other ages, other lives than thine.

ADAM E. S. EMMETT.

Mine all at Last.

For Saturday Night.

We meet again, ah! years have flown  
Since last we said adieu,  
The change is wrought in time and scene  
The perfect ones are you.  
Those eyes that thrilled me years ago  
With sweeter lustre now,  
And swiftly fan the mould'ring flame  
That burns within my breast.  
You don't forget that summer, dear,  
We spent beside the sea,  
Those flow'rs you pluck'd and press'd with care  
To mind me, love, of thee?  
Each word you spoke rings in my ear  
Like music from above,  
It bade me hope when all seem'd drear  
And vain our dream of love.  
You lov'd me then, you whisper'd low  
To me that golden eve  
Dear words that sank within my heart,  
And fondest hopes did weave.  
Again we meet—ah! dearest one,  
The weary waiting past,  
Say but the price I've yearned long  
Is mine, mine all at last.

BRANTFORD, ONT. W. HARTING WHITNEY.

Armenia, A. D., 1894-95.

The following poem was written by Lewis Morris at the request of the Committee (of the Duke of Argyll's Armenian Relief Fund). Inasmuch as Lewis Morris is one of the leading candidates for the vacant post of English Poet Laureate, this poem is especially interesting, as being just such a production as the laureate would be called upon to furnish:

Dead by their ravaged fields  
And blackened roof-tree chill  
To-day our martyred brethren lie.  
While on the blue autumnal sky,  
Ararat's sacred hill  
On the horizon and rufous plain  
Unscarred seems to smile.  
Unscarred for the blood, the wrong, the guilt,  
The hopeless grief, the oft-repeated pain,  
The innocent lives defiled, the supplications vain.

The spoiler robs and preys,  
With rape and torture for his daily work.  
Unbroken the wolfish Kurds torment and slay.  
The obscene, infatuated Turk,  
False heart and gliding tongue,  
Fills all the hapless land with lust and blood.  
Into the murder-pits are flung  
The sire, the mother with her unborn child,  
The virgin lives defiled.  
Or if escape there be, 'tis through the shame  
Of souls too weak to avow the Holy name;  
Or there who from the dreadful precipice,  
Velling their desperate eyes,  
Plunge with their children through the void, to gain,  
Dying, release from pain.

What? Has God's thought forgot  
His people's woes? Dost He averted ear  
No more their cries of hopeless anguish hear,  
The wall for precious lives which now are not?  
Shall not the all-seeing Eye  
Look downward from the dumb, unheeding sky  
And with a glance confound the night of ill?  
Shall the oppressor still  
Tear endless woe from weak his feeble will,  
Ravish and rob and murder in the name  
Of that dark Antichrist whose rule (if shame  
Blighted the East; for whom the spear, the sword,  
And ruthless horrors of unsparring war  
Are weapons fitter far  
Than are the futile forgeries of His Word;  
Who, knowing not compassion, yet makes sure,  
With prayer from lips impure,  
Of Paradise—no place of Innocence,  
Or white-winged soaring Hope, Immense,  
But a foul Lazar-house of Lust and Sense?

And this our Europe strong  
Which at a common altar boasts to kneel,  
Shall no compassionate yearning come to move,<  
No stirrings of fraternal love,  
For those our brothers who have pined so long?  
Shall she no pity feel  
For these, the martyrs of our Faith who sigh,  
Treading the cold and senseless ways of death,  
Long ere they gain to die?  
Strong Russia, champion of the Christian East;  
France, thro' whose soul, too generous to forget,  
The ardor of St. Louis pulses yet;  
Our noble England, with the years increased,  
To hold the gorgeous Orient in fee;  
And her great eldest daughter, She  
Who sits august and free,  
A crowned Commonwealth from sea to sea—  
Shall these, unmoved by the long Past of pain,  
Wait till the tide of blood returns again,  
And watch again their helpless brethren die,  
Those who upheld or shared the wailing secular lie?  
Nay, nay, it is enough, enough! No more  
Shall black Oppression rule. Her reign is o'er.  
No more, oh, Earth! No more!

No more! Forbid it, Heaven!  
Arise, oh, puissant Christendom, be strong!  
God's voice within you calls, the voice of Fate!  
Corfound this monstrous tyranny of wrong.  
Let Love prevail, not Hate!  
With you the Future lies. 'Twere shame indeed  
If mutual jealousies, if coward fears,  
Adding fresh force, to swell the sum of ill!  
Protest against the accursed reign of pain and tears,  
And bid again a hapless nation bleed.  
Succor the weak. Drive back their pitiless foe.  
Let not despair afflict your brethren still.  
Let the new-come Age, a happier Birth,  
Bless these waste places of the suffering Earth.  
Let Peace, with Law, the true quiver valley fill,  
And make the desert blossom as the Rose.

August 17, 1895.

—Lewis Morris.

A Family Brawl.

Il Popolo Romano.

The children of the German Emperor while at play came to blows. The younger ones refused to obey their oldest brother, who thereupon took a little whip out of his box of toys and began laying about him right and left, shouting:

"I'll teach you who is the Crown Prince."  
At that moment the Emperor suddenly appeared on the scene, and, catching hold of his first-born, gave him a smart box on the ear, saying:  
"And I'll let you see who is the Emperor."



THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND ITS WIFE.



IX—THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.  
Lord President of the Council.



X—THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.



XI—LADY BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.



XII—LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH,  
Secretary for Scotland.

The Yellow Paint.

A FABLE.

Robert Louis Stevenson in McClure's Magazine.

In a certain city, there lived a physician who sold yellow paint. This was of so singular a virtue that whoso was bedaubed with it from head to heel was set free from the dangers of life, and the bondage of sin, and the fear of death forever. So the physician said in his prospectus; and so said all the citizens in the city; and there was nothing more urgent in men's hearts than to be properly painted themselves, and nothing they took more delight in than to see others painted. There was in the same city a young man of a very good family, but of a somewhat reckless life, who would have nothing to say to the paint. "To-morrow were soon enough," said he; and when the morrow came he would still put it off. So he might have continued to do until his death; only, he had a friend of about his own age and much of his own manners; and this youth, taking a walk in the public street, with not one fleck of paint upon his body, was suddenly run down by a watercart and cut off in the heyday of his nakedness. This shook the other to the soul; so that I never beheld a man more earnest to be painted; and on the very same evening, in the presence of all his family, to appropriate music, and himself weeping aloud, he received three complete coats and a touch of varnish on the top. The physician (who was himself affected even to tears) protested he had never done a job so thorough.

Some two months afterwards, the young man was carried on a stretcher to the physician's house.

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried, as soon as the door was opened. "I was to be set free from all the dangers of life; and here have I been run down by that self-same water-cart, and my leg is broken."

"Dear me!" said the physician. "This is very sad. But I perceive I must explain to you the action of my paint. A broken bone is a mighty small affair at the worst of it; and it belongs to a class of accident to which my paint is quite inapplicable. Sin, my dear young friend, is the sole calamity that a wise man should apprehend; it is against sin that I have fitted you out; and when you come to be tempted, you will give me news of my paint!"

"Oh!" said the young man, "I did not understand that, and it seems rather disappointing. But I have no doubt all is for the best; and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged to you if you will set my leg."

"That is none of my business," said the physician; "but if your bearers will carry you around the corner to the surgeon's, I feel sure he will afford relief."

Some three years later the young man came running to the physician's house in a great perturbation. "What is the meaning of this?" he cried. "Here was I to be set free from the bondage of sin; and I have just committed forgery, arson and murder."

"Dear me," said the physician. "This is very serious. Off with your clothes at once." And as soon as the young man had stripped, he examined him from head to foot. "No," he cried with great relief, "there is not a flake broken. Cheer up, my young friend, your paint is as good as new."

"Good God!" cried the young man, "and what then can be the use of it?"

"Why," said the physician, "I perceive I must explain to you the nature of the action of my paint. It does not exactly prevent sin; it extenuates instead the painful consequences. It is not so much for this world, as for the next; it is not against life, in short, it is against death that I have fitted you out. And when you come to die, you will give me news of my paint."

"Oh!" cried the young man, "I had not understood that, and it seems a little disappointing. But there is no doubt all is for the best; and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged if you will help me to undo the evil I have brought on innocent persons."

"That is none of my business," said the physician; "but if you will go around the corner to the police office, I feel sure it will afford you relief to give yourself up."

Six weeks later the physician was called to the town jail.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the young man. "Here am I literally crusted with your paint; and I have broken my leg, and committed all the crimes in the calendar, and am to be hanged to-morrow; and am in the meanwhile in a fear so extreme that I lack words to picture it."

"Dear me," said the physician. "This is really amazing. Well, well; perhaps, if you had not been painted, you would have been more frightened still."

Old Merlin and Other Soothsayers.

WHEN Old Merlin, in King Arthur, rendered Fate's prophecy, the wording of it caused me to admire Mr. Comyns Carr's faithfulness to tradition, for he made it reversible, although the necessities of the plot did not require that advantage be taken of its duality of meaning.

He Pendragon's son shall slay,  
Born upon the May.

While Mordred and his mother take this to positively mean that Arthur shall die at the hand of Mordred, yet on examination we find that the prophecy would have been literally true had Mordred been slain by Arthur. Had the combat so resulted, the man born upon the May would have been slain by Pendragon's son, (Arthur). All the old sooth-sayers made shrewd use of double meanings, never deigning to enter into explanations. In fact, they were not required to do so, because they spoke their prophecies under such dramatic circumstances and with such assurance that positive meanings were always taken, and the alternate meanings only discovered after the events. Sir Walter Scott was an authority on such matters and when Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu were about to engage in combat the latter recited Fate's prophecy:

Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
His party conquers in the strife.

In this case "foremost" is open to two meanings. It may mean that the side that first loses a man will lose the cause; or the side that first loses its chief will lose its all. Fitz-James put the former interpretation upon it, claiming that "the riddle was already read," because he had slain Red Murdoch. But Fate (or rather Scott) did not mean it this way, for were not the "foremost" Lowlander and Highlander entering into combat—the King and Clan Alpine? It was upon this fateful duel that all depended.

It had been foretold that Henry IV. of England would die in Jerusalem, and we may readily conjecture that the King made no great haste to reach the Holy City. Possibly he counted upon living forever by remaining in England, but one day he entered Westminster Abbey and was taken ill. Being carried into the Abbot's residence and into its chief room, it transpired that the room was known as Jerusalem Chamber. The King died and so the prophecy was considered to have been fulfilled. Cardinal Wolsey had been warned to beware of Kingston and he religiously avoided that town, but the warning came to mind when, at his fall from power, he was arrested by a knight named Kingston. A crusader, whose name I cannot recall, was said to have been intercepted by a witch as he was about to embark for Palestine, and warned that his charger would cause his death. The knight looked at the witch and then at his favorite horse, and, being of a surprisingly practical turn of mind, drew his great sword and struck off his charger's head at one blow. "I guess not," he remarked, or words to that effect, and sailed away to the wars. Years later he came back, and, knowing that he should live until his dead horse killed him, felt that he had a pretty sure thing in this world. But one night he kicked at some obstacle in his path and hurt his foot; inflammation ensued and he died. A splinter of bone had entered his big toe, and it transpired that the object kicked by him was the bleached skull of his slain charger.

In an old book wherein many such cases are recorded I came across one that history will vouch for. In 1312 Ferdinand IV. of Spain died under these circumstances: Two brothers had been condemned to death without a fair trial, and, going to execution, saw the King, whereupon one of them called upon Ferdinand to meet them in thirty days before a higher tribunal. The King was superstitious, and fretted for a few days, but seemed to put the subject from his mind, yet on the morning of the thirtieth day he was found dead in bed. His fears had slain him.

There is something very alluring in the records of sooth-saying, and I have always been partial to any book bearing on the subject. Here and there, even in the most superstitious times, we find odd persons who could not be humbugged. A certain king on being warned that he should die on a certain day replied: "If I do not, you shall," and safely surviving the appointed day, had the prophet put to death. Another king consulted a prophet as to the outcome of a battle in which he was engaging. "The city," said the prophet, "will perish by fire," and later he was caught making good his prediction by setting the town afire. Next day the king and the prophet met on horseback. "Tell me, sir prophet,"

said the king, "shall any accident befall thee to-day?" "None," replied the soothsayer, whereupon the king struck him in the middle so that he fell from his horse and was trampled to death. Mr. Wiggins has a cinch. He is never held to account. If his life depended upon the truth of his predictions he would take refuge in utter silence.

MACK.

The Wives of Great Men.

The marriages of great men, so far as we are enabled to judge, have been as a rule far from happy. From the time of Socrates, who was tyrannized over by his wife Xantippe, down to that of the dyspeptic Carlyle, the great man has frequently been unfortunate in his matrimonial ventures. Probably no woman that ever existed would have been happy with Carlyle, but his case was a very exceptional one; the majority of unhappy marriages are simply the result of the wrong man being coupled with the wrong woman.

The poet Milton went through a period of great domestic unpleasantness, due in great measure to the peculiarity of his habits. Mistress Milton, like the majority of young married women, liked a little gaiety, while the sedate poet had no thoughts for anything but study. Four o'clock was his time for rising in the summer, five in the winter, and he retired always to rest at an unconscionably early hour. The reading of a chapter from a Hebrew Bible began the day, which was followed by continual study till dinner time, after which meal his wife had to sing to him at the organ. Then another long spell of study, and then to bed.

Small wonder that his spouse rebelled and left him, after a month of this desperately dull life, to return to her family.

Wycherly, the dramatist of the Restoration, married Lady Drogheda, who was very much enamored and desperately jealous of the playwright. She wished him always to be within her reach and objected even to his visiting the Cock Tavern, which was exactly opposite their house in Bow street. "Whither, if Mr. Wycherly at any time went, he was obliged to leave the window open that his lady might see there was no woman in the company."

Laurence Sterne, the talented but pitiful author of *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey*, married a woman for whom he pre-tended the deepest devotion. The devotion

did not last, for some time afterwards we find him writing to a lady who was about to sail to India, "Pray do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like for her substitute so well as yourself." The writer of such a contemptible letter died, as he deserved, in a miserable, desolate manner.

A Kissing Festival.

Glasgow Mail.

Helmagen, a Roumanian country town of twelve hundred inhabitants, holds its annual fair on the feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly married brides from sixty to eighty villages in the district, widows who have taken fresh husbands remaining at home. The young women, in festive attire, and generally attended by their mothers-in-law, carry jugs of wine enwreathed with flowers in their hands. The Roumanian *Wohenschicht* says they kiss everyone they meet, and afterwards present the jug to his lips for a "nip." The individual thus regaled bestows a small gift on the fair Hebe. Not to partake of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young wife and her family. She is, therefore, reserved towards strangers, and only kisses those whom she thinks likely to taste of her wine. This kissing is carried on everywhere—in the streets, in the taverns, and in private houses.

How to Kill Time.

When Trollope was in the Post-Office Department, a man kept writing the most outrageous and violent letters of complaint about postal arrangements from some remote part of Ireland. Trollope was sent off to investigate, arriving there very wet and hungry one dark winter's night. He was met at the door in the most hospitable manner by a delightful old gentleman, who immediately ordered brandy and water—very hot. Then came dinner, Trollope must stay the night. A charming daughter joined in with the old gentleman. After dinner, Trollope reluctantly proposed business. The old gentleman was grossly affronted, and would not hear of it. The next day Trollope again pressed the old gentleman about his complaint. The old gentleman became very confused. "Well, you see," he said, "the fact is I haven't any complaint; it's all humbug. It is very lonely up here, and so—and so, as I like writing letters, I took to writing to the post-office just to pass the time."

On the Grand Stand.



She—Don't you know our minister draws only half as much salary as the pitcher on this line?  
He—Yes, but the pitcher has a better delivery.

(Copyrighted.)

OBSERVATIONS.

Ere Keating thought to dam the cut  
To make the water clear,  
The public blamed the Council, but  
They d—d the Engineer.

O. G. WHITTAKER.

One of the wealthiest newspaper men in America is John R. McLean, proprietor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. He has long been of the opinion that he could make a great success in New York, and recently he procured an option for four months for the purchase of the *New York Morning Journal*. For four months he has been running it at high pressure, but now has declined to purchase and quits the *Journal* after losing \$250,000. Innumerable fortunes large and small have been lost in newspaper ventures. The secret history of the ups and downs of the Toronto daily press would make fascinating reading. It has been demonstrated that because one man has succeeded in his venture, is no guarantee that another man of equal capacity can carry a similar venture to success. It has rather been proven that such an attempt will certainly fail. I have a file of three first numbers of weeklies started in Toronto within the past year, that never reached a second issue. Going back a little further it would be easy to name half a dozen others that began with a great flourish but died gradually away, none positively knowing the exact time of their taking-off. These ill-conceived undertakings not only ruin the projectors and injure established publications, but they cast a shadow on the whole trade and irritate the business and reading public.

Mr. David Boyle—devoted to the interests of the Canadian Institute—has become quite attached to the Indians lately brought from the ossuary discovered in the township of Manvers, and last night, reflectively viewing the rows of bony ladders before him, he was engaged in removing some of the soil of Manvers which has clung for a couple of centuries to the face of one of his favorites—a man of remarkably open countenance—when, flap! The light burnt blue. Rooted is, I believe, the word to describe one in Mr. Boyle's condition, with eyes white all around. "Like caverned winds the hollow accents came:"

None ever yet of Indian race removed the sleeping dead, The spirit hovers o'er the place from which the life hath fled. You, who disturbed my ashes commingled with the soil, I know you, you Coroner! You, Mr. David Boyle! Could I but with my tomahawk, the tomahawk I wore, Have one crack at your cranium, I'd ask for nothing more; And to the place called Sheol—I know you'll soon be in it—I give my word I'd send you in less than half a minute.

Flap! Unseen things all around. The light flickered. The door banged on Mr. Boyle and the curdling yell which pursued him down stairs—never before had he equaled it.

QUIVIS.

Lieut. Peary is reported to have said the other day that he will never see the North Pole unless someone brings it to him. He has had enough. What could the man expect? He took Mrs. Peary along with him. We all felt sorry for him when he set out accompanied by his wife, for we knew that the moment his boat got among the ice Mrs. Caudle would remind him that she told him so. Had there been a photograph aboard it would probably reproduce Mrs. Peary's voice saying, just at the time when he needed all his fortitude, "Well, you would come! Oh, you'd find the Pole! You'd make your name immortal! I told you how it would be. I wanted you to stick to your other job and not come up here to make a frozen fool of yourself. But no, you'd come, and now we're all going to be frozen to death. You think more of the old Pole than you do of me—you know you do!" What could the man do but let the Pole go hang and affectionately bite the ice tears off his wife's cheek as the boat veered around for home?

To Gild the Pill.

Scottish Nights.

An old farmer, feeling his end to be near, called in his lawyer to make the will.

"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of one hundred pounds a year. Is that down, maester?"

"Yes; but she may marry again. Won't you make a change in that case?"

"Well, write again and say: 'And if my wife marries again, two hundred pounds a year.' That'll do, won't it, maester?"

"Why, that's doubling the sum she would have if she remained unmarried. It is generally the other way: the legacy lessened if the widow marries again."

"Ay; but him as gets her'll deserve it!"



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## Short Stories Retold.

George Forbes, the engineer of the Niagara Electric Company, says he once lived in a house belonging to one of the Porter family, who have long owned most of the property near the Falls. A Miss Porter was once travelling in Europe, and, at the table d'hôte, her neighbor said: "Oh, if you are an American, I suppose you have seen Niagara Falls!" She turned to her enquirer, and, fixing him with her eyes, she said: "I own them!"

The late Sir John Thompson, while Minister of Justice, once visited the penitentiary at Dorchester, New Brunswick, when a man was brought before him who complained that his period of sentence had been too long. Sir John said to have been greatly impressed by the story, and exclaimed, "That does seem a long sentence for such an offence: who tried the case?" "It was Judge Thompson, your Honor," came the reply. It is understood that the Minister of Justice did not interfere with the sentence.

Dr. Grenfell, in his book, *The Vikings of Today*, says: The Eskimos are not so particular on the subject of marriage—at least they were not a hundred years ago. An English trader in 1790 fell in love with an Eskimo girl, and asked her hand from her husband, who had another wife himself. "She is no good to work," replied the husband; "have this one and her two children." The Englishman politely said he preferred the younger. "Take them all, then," said the generous husband. No, the Englishman would not so far trespass on the Eskimo's kindness. "Oh, you can give them back at the end of the year," replied the Eskimo, "if you don't want to keep them!"

There are in these days no more jolly, good-natured princes like Prince William Henry (afterwards William IV.) to temper justice with fun on the magistrate's bench. An old gentleman who had known the Prince well in Newfoundland called at Kensington Palace after the Prince had come to the throne. His Majesty was, Judge Prowse relates, delighted to see him, gave him a glass of the favorite calabogus and talked pleasantly over a pipe. "And may I ask after Her Majesty's health?" said the old Newfoundland, thinking it the right thing to do. "Thank you," was the reply. "Her Majesty" (Queen Adelaide) "is quite well, and would have had much pleasure in seeing you, but unfortunately this is washing-day."

When Dr. Dewitt of the army was stationed at a post on the Mexican frontier, his Mexican friends determined to do him honor. Accordingly, they arranged a great ball. Dr. and Mrs. Dewitt were invited, and they were indeed the guests of honor. The ball began early, and the surgeon and his wife danced in the first set. They danced in nearly every set, in fact, for politeness forbade refusal, and after a few hours of it they began to be very tired. Time wore on, and still the dance went on. It went on all night. Finally Dr. Dewitt called one of the men aside and asked him when in heaven's name the thing was going to be over. "Oh, senior," said the Mexican: "we have been waiting these many hours for you to give the signal for the last dance."

Mark Twain, who recently started on a tour around the world, told an interviewer at Winnipeg how he often felt a desire to "cut loose" from civilization, and to get away by himself where he could run and yell to his heart's content. In this connection there is a story about the humorist and Canon Kingsley. Walking along the streets one day Mark felt the impulse to yell coming on him with irresistible force, and said to Kingsley, "I want to yell; I must yell." The Canon said, "All right, yell away; I don't mind." "And with that," said Mark, "I stepped back a few steps, and, throwing my arms above my head, let cut a war-whoop that could be heard for miles, and in less time than you could count Canon Kingsley and myself were surrounded by a multitude of anxious citizens who wanted to know what was the matter. I told them nothing was the matter. I just wanted to yell and had yelled."

Here is an anecdote which is being told of the Papal Court and a certain Cardinal renowned for the extent of his travels. The etiquette of the Vatican forbids the wearing of décolleté dresses in the presence of the Pope, and, moreover, the Pope had a horror of them. It happened, however, that some American

ladies on their travels obtained an interview, and made their appearance in the lowest of Court dresses. His Holiness was angry, but, considering it beneath his dignity to make a fuss himself, commissioned the Cardinal to signify his displeasure to them. The Cardinal took them aside, and broke it to them "gently." He said that the Pope was old-fashioned and did not like décolleté dresses. "But, for my part," he added, with the intended bonhomie of a man of the world, "I have been so much among savages, that I am quite accustomed to it." The story does not say whether the "fact" of the Cardinal or the "old-fashionedness" of the Pope was most pleasing to the ladies.

Some years ago, when the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were in Malta, they gave a concert at their house at San Antonio. The Duke was down for a solo on his beloved violin, and when his Royal Highness stood up to perform he was greeted, of course, with a storm of applause. He proceeded in the usual manner to thrum his instrument into tune; but the first touch told him that the strings had been changed. The Duke looked annoyed, called for another violin, and, when he had tuned it, vigorously resined his bow. He then dashed bravely at the piece; but, alas! nothing but the most awful screeps resulted from his elbow jerking. The audience were respectfully patient for a bar or two; then a suppressed giggle ran around the room, and the Duke stopped and examined his tools once more. A glance at his bow caused him to scrutinize his resin-box, the contents of which proved to be cobbler's wax. After this there was nothing for the Royal performer but to explain, with the best grace he could, and resume his seat, which he did, while muffled laughter from Prince George (who was not then Duke of York) gave a pretty clear clue to the author of the mischief.

## A Young Girl's Trials

Her Parents Had Almost Given Up Hope of Her Recovery.

**Pale and Emaciated, Subject to Severe Headaches, She Was Thought to be Going into a Decline—Now the Picture of Health and Beauty.**

From the Richibucto, N.B., Review

There are very few people, especially among the agriculturists of Kent County, N.B., who do not know Mr. H. H. Warman, the popular agent for agricultural machinery of Molus River. A Review representative was in conversation with Mr. Warman recently, when the subject of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was incidentally touched upon. Mr. Warman said he was a staunch believer in their curative properties, and to justify his opinion he related the cure of his sister, Miss Jessie Warman, aged 15, who he said had been "almost wrested from the grave by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Miss Warman had been suffering for nearly a year with troubles incident to girlhood. She suffered from



"A Picture of Health and Activity"

severe and almost constant headaches, dizziness, heart palpitation, and was pale and bloodless, and eventually became so weak and emaciated that her parents thought that she was in consumption, and had all but given up hope of her recovery. Her father, Mr. Richard Warman, who is a well-to-do farmer, spared no expense to procure relief for the poor sufferer. The best available medical advice was employed, but no relief came, and although the parents were almost in despair, they still strove to find the means of restoring their loved one to health. Mr. Warman, like everybody else who reads the newspapers, had read of the marvelous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like some others looked upon these stories as "mere patent medicine advertisements." However, as everything else had failed he determined that Pink Pills should be given a trial, with a result no less marvelous than that of many other cases related through the press. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have completely cured the young lady, so that in a few months, from a helpless and supposedly dying girl, she has become a picture of health and activity. The Warman family is so well known in this part of the country that no one would think of disputing any statements made by any of its members. Mr. H. H. Warman, on account of his business as salesman for agricultural machinery, is personally acquainted with nearly everybody in the county, and we feel assured that any enquiries made of him concerning the statements made above will be readily answered.

The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Warman, prove that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. at either address.

## Ladies

### Do you use Scissors?

Ask your Hardware Dealer for "Claus." See that "Claus, Fremont, Ohio," is stamped on them. You will be delighted. Money refunded if not satisfactory. All first-class dealers now handle them. A convenient place for Toronto people to get them is at

**A. NICHOLSON'S, 73 Yonge St.**  
The Claus Shear Co., 67 Adelaide St., E., Toronto

## Between You and Me.

WHY do we sometimes want things so badly? When we see other people longing, striving and plotting for some dear aim, calling the world well lost for love or power or fame, we say, "Dear me, how mistaken!" It is so easy to tell the young creature that love will cease to absorb him or her, or to warn the ambitious man or woman that the golden apple is ashes-filled, or to whisper to the genius that applause is only another name for noise. What of it? There comes or has come to us the same way of it, the frantic, hungry longing for some one thing. Perchance we have grown above it, and are humbly thankful therefor; perhaps we have gained it and learned our lesson in satiety, but the question haunts us: Why did we want that one thing so badly?

It always has seemed to me that this intense longing is a challenge to our self-government. The desire rises, grows, darts the strength we think we have to conquer it. Whether it be sensual, spiritual, or aught else matters not. It is as great a challenge if it takes the form of a religious mania as it does to descend to the nature-cry for the material pleasures. The balance flies up, and somehow or other we must find weight enough to bring the scales even once more. But did you ever succeed in doing so? Did you ever sit monarch of yourself with your trembling heart in leash, and your pulses slowing gradually to their regular beat, with patience and her child, repose, on right and left, and something God-like swelling in you, full of a grand and sublime victory? Such moments make us great men and women. There is nothing of earth in them. By them we know how noble and how strong we shall some day be!

The other day I happened on a book which carried a title that struck me. Her Celestial Husband, neither more nor less. I thought it might be somewhat of the Bowser or Caudie style, or perhaps Josiah Allen's wife might have written it, and I carried it home to laugh over. I did not laugh, for the story was not of the mirth-provoking sort. Her Celestial husband is a Chinaman and "she" is an English girl, young, blase and reckless, after a lot of very trying reverses, who marries the young Chinese merchant, thereby scandalizing her relatives and beginning her ruin. Have you any idea what a Chinese mother-in-law is like? Shades of slavery! The comic papers have never dreamed of her; their jokes pale before the reality as it flourishes in the land of rice and chopsticks. One sees that even such a very praiseworthy duty as that owed to one's parents may be carried to extremes. We have been sufficed with Japanese stories, descriptive articles and what-not in the papers and magazines recently, but China doesn't seem to have been exploited to any great extent. It was quite an interesting bit of local coloring I found in Her Celestial Husband, who, after all, was not half bad for a Chinaman. There were complications which didn't give him a fair chance. The book is at Bain's, and might be of as much interest to you as it was to me.

I assisted at a duel last week. It took place in a lane behind my residence, and as the temporary disablement of either or both of the combatants would be highly conducive to the repose of the neighborhood, I rather enjoyed it. It was about a hen, or some small thing in the animal kingdom, and it lacked neither force nor fire. It began with brooms, and ended with nails, teeth, and gore in small quantities. It might have been going on yet, had not a very stupendous policeman been attracted by the dust and the grunting which marked the scene of the duel. Someone whispered "Police," and in a minute the lane was empty, and only subdued taunts, sniffs, and, presently, amazed parental queries, kept me from believing it all a dream. "I could have whipped, if the policeman hadn't gone and come," sobbed one raging warrior. "So could I," roared the other from his back yard. I was

very sorry he came!

By the way, talking of back yards, can you not judge people pretty well by the way they keep that part of the earth sacredly boxed in between fences, and generally devoted to clothes-lines and the scavenger-box? From my sanctum window I can see half a dozen back yards, and I often wish I couldn't. Wire clothes-lines, chicken-coops, bare sandy patches, alternate with a blessed little enclosure wreathed in morning glories, or that erstwhile pansy bed which is to-day a perfect bon fire of scarlet geraniums and flaunting petunias. Why should not one feel the duty strong to make even fifty feet by twenty of God's earth as beautiful as possible? Why shouldn't the maid coil up the clothes-lines when she takes in the clothes? Why shouldn't the grass be green and the flowers and vines have their sweet life-lease of the corners? Because of the children? Really the reason suggests the style rather than the nursery. The children should grow with the flowers, loving, tending and understanding them. Say, rather, because of the parents.

LADY GAY.

The greatest attraction the Montreal Exposition presented to the visitor was the Singapore bungalow of the "Salada" Ceylon Tea Co. This rivalled in Oriental beauty, many of the more talked of exhibits at the World's Fair, and if the secretary of the Montreal Exhibition Committee (and for the matter of that the secretary of the Toronto Exhibition) could induce other exhibitors to display the same originality in designing their exhibits, both fairs would prove a thousand times more attractive to the visitor.

When such large advertisers as the "Salada" Ceylon Tea Co. find that it pays them to go to the expense of erecting a bungalow of the character they did, surely exhibitors of other products besides tea would find that a little originality would pay them as well.

## A Rubens for Five Pounds.

TU-BIB.

At a sale which took place recently in Carnarvonshire, an old and very dirty picture was bought for \$5 by a gentleman who sent it to Christie's in order to ascertain if it was of any value. The painting is believed to be a missing Rubens, and is roughly valued £7,000.

## Parents Must Have Rest.

A president of one of our colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

## The Value of a Comma.

A Prussian school inspector appeared in the office of the burgomaster of a little town, for the purpose of asking him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the schools. The burgomaster, rather out of sorts, muttered, "Does this donkey come again?" The inspector awaited his time for a proper answer, according to the immortal advice, "Vengeance is a dish that must be eaten cool." When the inspector was introduced to the teacher, he said he wished to see how well punctuation was taught. The burgomaster, the local supervisory authority, said, "Never mind that; we care not for commas and the like." But the inspector ordered a boy to go to the board, and write, "The burgomaster of R. says, the inspector is a donkey." Then he

## Stands Alone

Anything "just as good" must be itself.



It took over one hundred years to learn how to do it.

## The Drink

For All Who Are Judges

## Practical Clothing Men

are using **FIBRE CHAMOIS**

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Dear Sir:

Please send us at once one case **Fibre Chamois**, medium weight, No. 20.

If not in stock, please have made at once as we have orders waiting for customers who insist upon having their Overcoats and Reefers interlined with your goods.

Yours truly,

**H. SHOREY & CO.,**  
To Canadian Fibre Chamois Co., Wholesale Clothing,  
Montreal.

No extra weight or Bulk. Double the Warmth and Comfort.  
Durable and Inexpensive.  
Patented, July 1890, March, 1895.

ordered him to change the comma, by placing it after "R." and inserting one after "inspector." Thus, "The burgomaster of R. says the inspector, is a donkey." It was a cruel lesson; but it is reasonable to suppose that commas rose in the estimation of the "local supervisory authority."



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It is a pleasure to call to mind, to pass in review, the pictures which are scattered through the rooms and halls of Mr. E. B. Osler's house, for among them are representations of widely varying schools, the work of many men of many minds, the majority of whom are in the front rank of their profession. Beginning with an example of the French School ("French school, indeed," not many days ago an artist said to us: "when you go to France you cannot find it. You have the best work of the best men, and they are as far apart as the north from the south, and yet glorious, every one! There is no French school!") And yet for want of a better term we use it.) there is a canvas by Charles Jacques that for rich, glowing color, for expression in dumb beast, for Rembrandtesque light and shade, would be hard to equal. It is a shepherd feeding his sheep, the sunbeams streaming from an opening upon part of the flock, leaving the shepherd's face in shade as he lifts the bay from the rack. A Dutch Interior, by Valkenburg, is a homely room lighted by a large small-paned window, the only occupant a woman busy churning. Two landscapes somewhat similar in subject are a quiet sunset, a dark landscape in the midst of which a pool reflects the color of the sky, by B. W. Tryon, and the other a yellow afterglow with the houses and trees silhouetted against it, by J. Francis Murphy. Both possess much beauty of color and tender feeling. A canvas by Albert Neuhaus has all the homely tenderness and simplicity of treatment that characterize so much of his work. Mr. Osler, who knows his pictures as one knows one's friends of long standing, pointed out how the wrist of the woman shows the tense muscles as she puts all her strength into rubbing the clothes in the tub, over the edge of which a little child tries on tiptoe to look, her little back expressive of the eager straining to see. You feel what the artist felt, that this work-a-day scene is full of pathos. A small canvas by E. Saunders Ferrier is a sparkling landscape, bright and well defined. The study of a child for his large picture, The Legend, is by Paul Chalmers; an etching of the complete picture—hung in another room—explains the child's attitude as she stands, one of a group, listening to the old woman's thrilling tale. It was tantalizing to find the day so dark that it was impossible to get a good view of a canvas by T. W. Dewing. A landscape by David Cox; two pictures by Monticelli, rich in color and undefined in drawing; a glowing glimpse of Woodland by Diaz, with a small figure of a woman carrying sticks; a water-color by Weissenbruch in his broad manner; a cattle piece by Peter Graham, B.A.; one of David Farquharson's Highland scenes in all the glory of purple peak and trailing cloud, some shaggy Highland cattle in the foreground; a fine portrait by T. Blake Wirgman in thin impasto, the attitude admirable—these all are treasures of art. A thing to be remembered is the picture of two lions by John M. Swan; they are on the warpath; the alert expression and the grace of the strong-slewed bodies are very fine. There is but one Swan, and there are two of his lions! A landscape which gives the feeling of width, space and atmosphere is by Pelongue. A Spring Day, with purple trees and the first touches of green, is by Bolton Jones. That Mr. Osler has taken much interest in art at home is evidenced by the presence of Mr. G. A. Reid's The Story, and several landscapes by the same artist; of a portrait by Mr. Dickson Patterson; of water colors by Messrs. Jacobi, Bruenech and Fowler; of a number of Mr. Homer Watson's "moods," and of two Kreigh-offs. We have only touched on the more important foreign artists, without enumerating all, but indeed it is worth much to make the acquaintance of such a Jacques, a Neuhaus, a Swan!

Edward Burne-Jones, the well known English artist, acquired his art without a teacher. His pictures are nearly all restricted in color to curiously varied tones of purple and ruddy bronze, of which Burne-Jones is particularly fond.

The revival of interest in Jeanne d'Arc is to be artistically marked by the publication, before long, of a series of large plates recounting the history of the famous Maid, by Boutet de Monvel, a popular French artist. The plates will be accompanied by a slender thread of text.

Toronto is to have a new art school, where (we quote from the circular) "instruction in all branches of the fine arts will be imparted, and by methods entirely new to Canada, and which are calculated to give the conscientious student a more intelligent grasp of art." The school is at the corner of Spadina avenue and College street. Mr. Carl Ahrens is principal and criticisms will be given by Mr. E. Wyl Grier and Mr. A. Dickson Patterson, while the department for china painting is under Miss M. M. Mason. A novel feature is criticism given to amateurs outside the city on their work being forwarded for that purpose.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood is at work on a portrait of Mr. Alexander Muir, author of The Maple Leaf, which is fast becoming, if it is not already, our national anthem, which promises to be a very excellent likeness. Among other interesting work in this studio is a small full-length portrait of Miss Effie Michie, in which there is some pretty work in the green draperies.

Mr. A. C. Williamson expects to leave about the middle of the month to continue his studies in Paris. We would have liked to have seen more work from one whose ability and training have always been recognized. Perhaps the atmosphere of Paris will do what the Canadian air has failed in accomplishing.

The Central Ontario School of Art and Industrial Design (not a name to be said in a hurry!) opened the beginning of the week with

a fair class, many intending to join later. The rooms are much improved; the large studio on the third story is lighted by both skylight and window to be used as needs require.

Mr. Frank B. Clark, after several years' absence, has returned to establish his studio in Toronto and settle here permanently. Mr. Clark commenced the study of art in this city, continuing at the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, D.C., and then spent two years in Paris under Bouguereau, Bramtote and Douget and the masters of the Julian school, having had throughout his course the greatest success and gained the highest praise for his work. He brings with him Bateau des Peches, his 1894 Salon painting, also innumerable other studies in French and Breton life, an exhibition of which will be given at an early date. This addition to our ranks will help to elevate the standard of Canadian work, for which this city is the Hub.

Mr. J. A. Radford has returned from England and passed through to Buffalo last week.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood was out sketching the other day and caught a very pretty and effective sunset in High Park. LYNN C. DOYLE.

#### Autumn Jackets.

THE first purchase when cool days come is a jacket or cape to make summer dresses comfortable while autumn gowns are being gotten ready. Jackets imported from Paris are from twenty-two to twenty-four inches long—an effective length, slightly deeper than those made by London tailors. They are made with box front, in reefer fashion, and with fitted back. The newest backs omit the middle seam, throwing two forms into one; and this single broad form, after being tapered to the waist-line, expands below, and is folded in a triple box-pleat and kept quite flat. A kind of fan-pleating is thus made in the two back seams. A single side form reaches far forward under the arms. The front is quite straight, or else is fitted partly by single darts. Revers are rather short and widely pointed. Often there are two or three revers each side of the front, and the collar is formed of similar pointed pieces. One feature is that of cutting the coat much lower about the throat than any worn in many years. Sleeves are large, and are usually of the shape now prevalent. They are given a new effect, however, by the way they are put in the arm-hole, the space directly at the top being left plain in order to increase the appearance of very long shoulders. All the fullness is then massed in pleats on the sides and underneath. This also makes sleeves droop about the elbow. Other sleeves are shaped by seams from top to bottom, giving a melon puff in sections rather than the balloon puff of last year.

While there are many short capes for the demi-season, those for winter use are deeper than any worn for several seasons. They extend low on the hips, and will give the arms sufficient warmth. They are circular in shape, yet not too full, most of those shown being three-quarters of a circle wide rather than a whole circle. Box-cloth in its various tan shades and of beautiful quality is liked for such capes. They have a small collar and a turned-over collar, the latter of velvet bordered with a velvet bias-stitched band of cloth. One of the most expensive box-cloth capes is lined throughout with green plaid silk, and has a large collar of rich otter fur. It is trimmed with stitched cloth bands in double rows, set on not at the edge, but several inches above, and crossed with lengthwise waving bands in the shape of the letter S with very good effect.

Velvet is the material for winter capes of the full deep shape, and it is said that black will be preferred to colors, though colored velvet capes are chosen for special toilettes. The black velvet capes are cut in extreme lengths, either as mere shoulder-capes—probably to wear with other garments—or else quite long, covering the hips. They are circular in shape, and are lined with light brocaded satins. There is usually a large collar of black fur with an inside puffing or frilling of black chiffon arranged very full in most becoming fashion. Jet bands and ornaments are the trimmings on some capes. Others have passementerie without jets put on in vandykes several inches above the edge all around it, and again about the shoulders. One effective trimming has medallions of Persian lamb three inches in diameter, surrounded by points of passementerie placed around the cape instead of straight rows.

For theater and evening capes the richest flowered brocades are shown, and in very bright colors. One of cerise satin ground has large brown and yellow blossoms upon it. The long-fleece black fur is used for the collar and border of these gay wraps, such as black fox and black marten. Feather trimmings as borders and boas, with much spangled jet and the bright-colored Oriental spangles, trim other capes. One of the fancies of the season is the use of the whole skin of the animal in fur trimmings, the head well mounted, and drooping on the throat and shoulders.

Hussar jackets of dark blue cloth, with frogs of black passementerie crossing the front, will be liked by young women and school-girls. The double front laps under the frogs, or brandebourgs, and is nearly straight. The fitted back is shaped like that just described with flat pleats below the waist-line. A deep collar of black Persian lamb makes the garment warm-looking. For children are reefer jackets of shaggy cloth, blue, brown or green, cut with long waist and short below. They are bound with braid and have large buttons of braid or of smoked pearl. LA MODE

#### Thrift in Small Things

There's salt. Get Windsor Salt and save money. All pure, all uniform in crystal, a penetrating salt, never cakes. Ask your grocer for it.

#### A General Election

for the Dominion House in the near future would not be as much of a surprise to the ordinary citizen as a pipeful of Muller's Westminister Tobacco to the smoker who has been using ordinary brands. Try a package. G. W. Muller, 9 King Street West.

## A MONTH OF DANGER

October Weather  
Dreaded by Rheu-  
matic Sufferers.

Sudden Changes in Tempera-  
ture Bring Agonies  
and Suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound  
Should be Freely Used  
This Month.

The Only Medicine That Cures  
Rheumatism and Sciatica.

We have just entered on the month of October, a time fraught with tremendous dangers to all rheumatic sufferers. It is terrible to contemplate the agonies that thousands will have to endure. The victims are many; they are old and young, rich and poor. Some wealthy sufferers will betake themselves to climates with fewer dangerous changes of temperature; but the vast majority are obliged to face and endure the evils that must surely come, unless they seek the help of Paine's Celery Compound, that medicine that never fails in the most terrible cases of rheumatism.

In the complete banishment of rheumatism and sciatica, Paine's Celery Compound has more wonderful cures to its credit than can be shown by all other combined medicines.

It should be remembered that Paine's Celery Compound does not simply relieve for a few days or weeks; this wonderful medicine goes straight to the root of the trouble and takes away the seeds of disease forever. Medical men know well of its value in rheumatism and endorse its use. It is therefore folly on your part to go on suffering when such a cure is within your reach. If you are a rheumatic sufferer and wish a complete cure, see that you are not influenced to take something else, even if your dealer recommends it; your safety depends entirely on Paine's Celery Compound and its miraculous virtues.

#### An Interrupted Wedding.

"Wait!"  
"Too late for waitin' now. We've lost time enough already, owing to your beard bein' gone. Beg your pardon, sir, this to the preacher, who was dumb with amazement. The speaker made a gesture to the one behind him, and there was the sharp clanging of metal.

The man turned a livid face as they approached.

"You've got me," he said hoarsely. "Can't you stay back a minute? Don't you see her?"

He defiantly seized the hands of the little woman, who held his sleeve in dumb, piteous amazement.

"Annie, don't you see! Don't you understand! I've uttered a shape exclamation, but a sob, under his breath. 'I'd rather die right here than to have dragged you into me. I thought I was safe; I thought I could make it all up to you in a new life, and you need never have known—'

"I don't understand," she murmured.

"He tried to speak, and failed. Then he said: 'I hit a man down yonder. I didn't mean to kill him. It's easy to do it down there. I meant to do right by you—I swear it—'

He broke off with a groan and pushed her from him.

"Go! go home, Annie, and try to forget it. Thank God you're not married!"

He wheeled around, but she caught his arm.

"Hurry up," said one of the officers.

"Southern train's nearly due."

The little woman seemed to gather all her scattered forces to her.

"I'd rather be," she said; "I'd rather."

He shook his head.

At the instant a whistle sounded, and both men sprang forward. There was a sharp sound, a click, and he wheeled rapidly out before the train, without looking back, and the door slammed behind him.

#### The Prisoner Made a Mistake.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

At the Killarney Quarter Sessions, held a few days ago, a laughable incident occurred. A prisoner was charged with assault, but his solicitor was temporarily absent when the case was called. Judge Shaw, however, decided to proceed with the awaiting in of the jury, telling the prisoner he could challenge anyone he objected to.

When the fourth juror was called, the accused, who thought it was time to exercise his prerogative, objected to his serving, whereupon the challenged juror, with a look of contemptuous disgust, called out:

"Yerra, Tim, bad cess to ye! What d'ye mane? Shure I'm for ye!"

#### Make Them Happy Now.

Thirty-two months ago a broken-hearted mother called for information respecting the Gold Cure. She said: "My son has become a fearful drunkard, and I am afraid he is past redemption. We have tried everything, but it seems no use. He took our treatment soon afterward, and to day prosperity smiles on that family. He calls frequently to repeat to us how immeasurably superior it proved to be, beyond anything he had ever dreamed of or experienced. Perfect health, absolute freedom from desire for liquor, his old mother happy and twenty years younger, and everybody willing to trust him. Think of it! The result of a few weeks' stay at Lakehurst, Institute, Oakville, and the expenditure of a relatively insignificant sum of money. Hundreds of happy mothers, wives and sisters gratefully remember us daily. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

"Tommy, the doctors is sayin' that kassin' is apt to breed sickness." "I know. But we men have to take risks in everything."—LIFE.

Johnny—Papa, what does it mean when they say a man is "his own worst enemy"? Papa—It generally means that he drinks like a fish.—Puck.

THE LATEST:  
**JOHN LABATT'S**  
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**ALE AND STOUT**  
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**GOLD MEDAL**  
AT SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., 1894  
Besides 9 Other GOLD SILVER and BRONZE Medals  
AT THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS



#### One Touch of Nature

Not long ago it happened to me to be present at the funeral of a little baby. The officiating clergyman said the usual consoling words but the disconsolate mother seemed to pay no attention. She merely rocked herself and sobbed with dry eyes. But after the service was over another woman, dressed also in black, threw her arms around the mother's neck and said, "You poor dear." That was enough. The suppressed emotion burst forth like a summer shower, and the two women wailed and cried together. The other woman had also recently lost her baby. Seen such things a hundred times yourself? No doubt. That's why I mention this case. *Wyeth's Malt Extract is universal in its use.* Not a soul on earth, when in trouble, but likes to be talked to by somebody who has had a taste of the same kind of trouble. And that's why the following story is printed here just as it was told to us. Those whom it concerns will be interested in it; others, never mind.

There are thousands in Canada whom it does concern. We will go back nineteen years and listen to what she (the speaker) has to say.

In November, 1874, I took a sudden chill which brought on rheumatic fever. For seven weeks I was confined to my bed suffering great agony. I could not bear even the bedclothes to touch me. If any one came near me I would scream.

"After the fever left I was dreadfully weak and my ankles began to swell. For weeks I could scarcely walk across the floor. I had now a foul taste in the mouth and my tongue was like a piece of wood. After what little I ate I had a fearful pain in my chest and through to the back; and also palpitation of the heart. At the pit of my stomach there was a horrible sensation and a craving for food, as if I were hungry. Yet the very sight of anything to eat made me sick; I could not touch it.

"For five long years I lingered on like this, never being well for a single day. In January, 1880, I had a second attack of rheumatic fever, which brought me so low that I was perfectly helpless, not being able to dress or undress myself. I could lift nothing to my mouth and had to be fed like an infant. My husband used to carry me up and down stairs. For a long time I could only walk across the floor by taking hold of the furniture. You can imagine how distressed in mind I was when I tell you that I had a family of eight children all under ten years of age, and could do nothing towards taking care of them.

"For three more years I never knew what it was to be free from rheumatic pains; and every little cold I took made them harder to bear. I got so bad that I never expected to be well again and was tired of living. No medicine helped me.

"One day in August, 1883, a friend that I had not seen for some time called on me and exclaimed, 'Mrs. Rumble, how dreadfully ill you look!' I told her of my long suffering, and then congratulated her on looking so much better than when I had seen her last. She replied that it was owing to a medicine she had been using and urged me to try the same thing. Thinking that what had cured her might possibly help me I sent for it and began to take it. Before one bottle was gone my appetite so improved that I could enjoy my food and the pains were not so bad. Encouraged by this I kept on using the medicine and finally the disease left me altogether and I was well as I had ever been in my life. Since that time, now nearly ten years ago—I have never had a day's bodily illness! I say this with a heart full of thankfulness to God, and the proprietors of *Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup* which is the remedy that cured me. I will gladly answer any enquiries." Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Mary Rumble, Vine Cottage, King's Head Hill, Chingford, near London, April 14th, 1893.

Mr. and Mrs. Rumble are well known and highly respected in the district of Chingford. Mr. Rumble has lived in his present house fifty years.

Rheumatism is a universal complaint and inflicts an aggregate of suffering and disability upon the human race in excess of any dozen others combined. It always arises from indigestion and is cured by the removal of its cause. Now if you are rheumatic don't you think this good lady's plain tale more to the purpose than the talk of a whole hospital full of doctors would be? Of course you do.

dinna need to haud horses ony mair."  
"And how's that?" enquired the farmer.  
"Oh, ye see, sir," replied Jamsie, "what ye gied me last time has made me independent."

#### Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of *Short Journeys on a Long Road* will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Believe—I am delighted to see you! But what a stormy night for a call! Bowtick (hanging up his dripping coat)—I know it is bad; but it is an ideal night for finding people at home.

#### The Wabash Railroad

is acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest line from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mexico, California and all west and south-west points. Its train equipment is superlatively the finest in America. It is the great trunk line that passes through six States of the Union and makes direct connection with one hundred and nineteen other railroads. See that your ticket reads via Wabash. Time tables and all particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, N.E. cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## Strange, but True

The child that cannot digest milk can digest Cod-liver Oil as it is prepared in Scott's Emulsion. Careful scientific tests have proven it to be more easily digested than milk, butter, or any other fat. That is the reason why puny, sickly children, and thin, emaciated and anæmic persons grow fleshy so rapidly on Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute  
Scott & Borne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

## HELP WANTED

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#### ANSWERS THE CALL

IT BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF  
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IN ALL FORMS  
K. D. C. PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION  
WHEN TAKEN WITH K. D. C.

B. LINDMAN, owner of the Wilkison Truss, the only truss that will cure RUPTURE permanently, has his office in the Roscoe House Block, Toronto.

Those wearing Trusses, and also physicians are invited to examine this great boon for the ruptured.

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Books for Wrappers  
For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book, 260 pages, will be sent.





Consistency is a rare jewel even in matters pertaining to music, as the following somewhat amusing incident will testify: The officials of one of the largest and wealthiest Presbyterian congregations in this province were recently approached in connection with a proposed performance of The Messiah in their church, there being no public hall in the town sufficiently large for a proper production of the work intended. The good elders consented to the use of the church, provided some "objectionable" instruments were not included in the orchestra. The fun of the thing consists in the fact that the church in question purchased a good-sized pipe-organ several years ago which contains the usual imitations of the brass, wood wind and string sections of the modern orchestra. Just why the simon pure article is under condemnation is difficult to understand. Would it not be more consistent to have the substitutes for the "objectionable" instruments removed from the church organ which leads the congregation in the psalms and hymns on the Sabbath? Fancy the officials of any church objecting to the instruments necessary for a performance of Handel's great oratorio and at the same time tolerating in their church organ stops bearing the names of Bassoon, Oboe, Clarinet, Trumpet, Violoncello, Flute, Piccolo, etc. Yet the incident above recorded actually occurred during the past fortnight within two hours' rail-ride of Toronto.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough (Fellow of the Royal College of Organists), organist of All Saints' church, gives the first of his fourth series of organ recitals this afternoon at four o'clock. The programme will include the following works: Prelude and Fugue in E flat, J. S. Bach; Meditation in a Cathedral, E. Silas; Sonata Pastorale, Op. 88, Josef Rheinberger; Allegretto in B minor, Alexander Guilmant; Epithalamie, Georges MacMaster; Intermezzo, Mascagni; March for a Church Festival, Best. Mr. Fairclough will be assisted by Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, who will sing a recit, and aria from Barnaby's Rebekah, and Gounod's Glory to Thee, My God, This Night. These recitals have in the past been of the greatest value to students of the organ and of much interest to the general public. A wide range of organ literature has been presented in each series, and this, combined with the musicianly interpretations which have always characterized Mr. Fairclough's work, has rendered these recitals one of the most important regular undertakings among the musical events of our local season.

The directors of the Metropolitan School of Music (Ltd.) were treated to an agreeable surprise last week, in the form of an offer of a gold and a silver medal from a private gentleman not connected with the institution and who desires to be announced merely as A Friend. These medals are to be awarded in June next to the two of this season's piano pupils who show the highest (and to the examiners a satisfactory) degree of talent, progress and proficiency in study at the Metropolitan, under Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the music director. The ten scholarships announced for competition in the piano, vocal and elocutionary departments of the West End school have been creating a very lively interest. The final date for entrance by intending competitors is October 12. Personal application at the office of the institution, 1494-96 Queen street west, is necessary.

Frederic Archer, the eminent organist, gave a recital at the College of Music on Saturday afternoon last. The concert hall of the College was filled with a large audience of students and friends of the institution, who listened with rapt attention to the masterly performances of one of the foremost of living concert organists in a comprehensive programme of classical and modern organ music.

That Mr. A. B. Jury has many warm friends in Elm street Methodist church was amply demonstrated on Monday evening of last week, when he and Mrs. Jury were presented with a handsome silver service by the choir, Epworth League and Sabbath school workers of the church. The presentation was accompanied by an address, from which I quote the following extract concerning Mr. Jury's musical work whilst connected with the choir of the church: "All who have been brought into contact with you, whether in the choir or in the League, bear witness to the energy and zeal that you have brought to bear upon everything that you have undertaken. As a choir leader you have been painstaking, enthusiastic and faithful in your high conception of the position." The address was signed by Miss Ella Archibald on behalf of the choir, Mr. Dan Scott on behalf of the League, and Mr. R. H. McBride on behalf of the Sabbath school.

The first rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir was held on Monday evening last at the Y. W. C. Guild Hall, McGill street. There was a large attendance of old and new members, and the general quality of the chorus proved to be an advance over the exceptionally high standard shown last season. This was true of all parts of the chorus, but more particularly of the tenor and alto sections. The election of officers for the ensuing season took place during the evening, when the following gentlemen were elected: Honorary president, Major A. M. Cosby; president, Mr. W. E. Rundle; vice presidents, Messrs. W. H. Elliott and J. Hamersley Willson; secretary, Dr. Harold Clarke; assistant secretary, Mr. A. L. E. Davies; treasurer, Mr. T. Harold Mason; assistant treasurer, Mr. A. S. Glasgow; committee, Messrs. A. E. Huestis, E. J. Lye, J. Masie, W.

H. Hewlett, W. C. Fox, S. S. (Martin), Dr. C. E. Stacey and Dr. G. A. Richardson. The next rehearsal of the society will take place on Tuesday evening of next week in the Y.M.C.A. lecture hall, Yonge street. This change in the rehearsal evening for next week, from Monday to Tuesday, was decided upon in response to numerous requests from members of the chorus who wish to attend the Melba concert on Monday evening.

The Toronto Vocal Club, Mr. W. J. McNally conductor, held its first rehearsal for this season on Monday evening last. There was a good attendance and from the enthusiasm shown by the membership there is every reason to anticipate a successful year for this popular organization.

Miss Laura Sturrock, who for some time past has been pursuing her vocal studies with Mr. E. W. Schuch, has received the appointment of solo contralto at Westminster Presbyterian church, Winnipeg. Miss Sturrock left for her new home on Wednesday last.

There is another excellent opening for an organist and choirmaster, this time in an Eastern city of this province and in a Presbyterian church. An official of the church has communicated with me concerning the matter, and intimates that the salary would be about four hundred dollars per annum. I will be pleased to give further information to any candidates for the position who might apply to me for it. As will be remembered by readers of this column, there are, besides the above mentioned vacancy, two others in the western part of the province, one in a prosperous city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, the other in a lively town of about three thousand—salaries respectively five hundred dollars and three hundred and fifty dollars. From what I personally know of the vacancy in the Western city, I can confidently state that a capable organist and choirmaster, who at the same time has qualified himself thoroughly as a piano instructor on modern lines, would, if possessed of the necessary push and ambition, be assured of an income of at least two thousand five hundred dollars per annum. Dundas street Methodist church, London, is also advertising for an organist, and from all indications the supply of competent men does not at present appear to equal the demand.

Brantford has reorganized its musical society for the coming season, with Frederic Rogers, organist of Grace church, as conductor. It is the intention to make a special effort this year to secure a large chorus through the aid of neighboring towns and cities, somewhat after the plan adopted in the conduct of several English musical festivals. Five hundred voices in the chorus, with an orchestra of one hundred, and soloists from New York, are being spoken of as the scale upon which the enterprise is to be carried out. The works chosen are Samson and Cowen's Sleeping Beauty. Mr. Rogers expects that Stratford will aid with one hundred voices, and that Paris, Simcoe, Waterford and other places will also help along the scheme.

The Toronto Philharmonic resumed rehearsals on Tuesday evening last in the Y. W. C. Guild hall. I understand that the works taken up for study are to include Handel's Messiah and Haydn's Creation.

The Catharine Cameron vocal scholarships for 1895 at the Toronto College of Music, entitling the winners to one year's free tuition under Signor Tesseman, have been won by Miss Etta Pettie, soprano, of East Toronto, and Miss H. Dingle, contralto, of Oshawa. Mr. Sherlock, winner of one of these scholarships for 1894-5, is engaged as solo tenor at the Sherbourne street Methodist church. Miss Mima Lund, who had the Tesseman scholarship for 1894-5, has been engaged as contralto in St. Andrews' church, King street. Mr. Carnahan, another of Signor Tesseman's pupils, holds the position of choir-master at the Emmanuel Presbyterian church, East Toronto. A vocal recital of Signor Tesseman's pupils is announced for November.

On referring to the advertisement of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in our columns, it will be observed that this enterprising institution is presenting to young students in music an opportunity for free instruction such as has not been offered before in Toronto. This consists of a list of free scholarships valued at upwards of twelve hundred dollars, given under some of the most experienced and best known teachers in the Conservatory. Fourteen full scholarships and ten partial scholarships, good to the end of June, 1896, are offered for open competition on conditions which are named in the advertisement, those winning to have in addition all Conservatory advantages. It will be seen that the list of teachers given comprises musicians of much eminence and professional ability, whose work, being systematic and on the best modern principles of training, insures a musical education both practical, comprehensive and thorough. As the competition is open and the conditions simple, many will no doubt be induced to make application. October 7 (Monday next) is the last day on which applications are to be received.

Mr. Clarence Nicol, a former organ pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, has been appointed organist of the Brockville Presbyterian church at a salary of \$600 per annum. MODERATO.

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Mrs. Alexander Cameron and Miss Constance Jarvis are visiting the Princess de Chimay at Chateau. They will shortly go thence to Rome and the Mediterranean, wintering in Egypt.

C. Hubert Carleton, a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, who is now a student at Braconose College, Oxford, has been spending the summer vacation at his house on Crawford street. Mr. Carleton sailed for England from Montreal by the steamship Lake Superior on Wednesday, October 2, to continue his studies in Oxford.

Mr. Arthur Stringer, whose contributions on University life have enriched these columns, sailed for Oxford on Wednesday, where he will enter the University.

The patronesses of the Victoria Club's dance on October 10 are: Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. McHarrich, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Lyman Jones, Mrs. Searth, Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Hay.

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DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.

## DANCING.

DAVIS, J. F., The Professor of Dancing.

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Has been located at the corner of Wilton Avenue and Mutual Street during the past 17 years, where he has taught thousands upon thousands (old and young) to dance. Always up to date in everything pertaining to refined society dancing. See Prospectus for terms, etc. Classes always forming.

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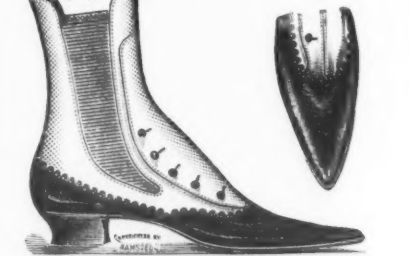
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FOOTWEAR FOR FAMILIES

Carrying, as we do, so many different lines of shoes, both Home and Foreign manufacture, we are confident that we can supply footwear to the family satisfactorily.

H. & C. BLACHFORD.

81, 83, 85, 87, 89 King Street East.



I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FULL

range of Canadian and American Button Shoes in

Wells and Tans for the Fall trade. All the newest styles for the Fall trade.

Evening Slippers in all the newest shades

W. L. Wallace, 110 Yonge St.

For Society Events

And the Safety Season

Not Opening

REMEMBER...

We have just to hand all the leading fashionable colors in Dress Slippers, surpassing anything ever shown in this city. "Highest class goods a specialty." See our window display. All goods strictly as represented. Prices reasonable.

The J. B. KING CO., Ltd., 79 King Street East

Niagara Falls Line

CHANGE OF TIME

Commencing Tuesday, Sept. 17th

THE STEAMER

EMPRESS OF INDIA

Will leave daily at 3:30 p.m. from Yonge Street Wharf

(west side) for St. Catharines and all points on the Welland Canal, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York and all points

Tickets at all G. T. R. and principal ticket offices and on wharf.

TORONTO SAVINGS & LOAN CO.

Subscribed Capital.....\$1,000,000

Paid up Capital.....800,000

FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposits, and paid or compounded half-yearly. Money to lend.

F. W. SCOTT, Secretary, 10 King Street West

TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO.

Office and Works—44 LOMBARD STREET.

Telephone 2086.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned, Re-laid, or Made Over. New Carpets Sewed and Laid. Upholstery and Mattresses Re-upholstered. Furniture Repaired.

FRISVOLD & ROUGH BEGS.



## HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANOS

The Artistic Standard of the World

Have stood for nearly fifty years without a peer.

Played and endorsed by the world's most eminent musicians.

In the homes of the best families the Dominion over.

Recipients of medals, awards, diplomas, and kind words from thousands of Canadian citizens.

Over 12,000 pianos sold.

HEINTZMAN & CO.  
117 King St. West, Toronto

## Fine Wall Papers

I have now received the larger part of my fall shipments of Wall Papers, and am prepared to show the latest effects in fall goods.

SPECIAL DESIGNS  
IN WOOD FLOORS

William H. Elliott  
40 King Street East



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THE MOST SENSIBLE STYLES

Made in Seal, Persian Lamb, Grey Lamb, Mink, Sable, Greenland Seal, &c., always in stock. Mail orders have our personal and prompt attention.

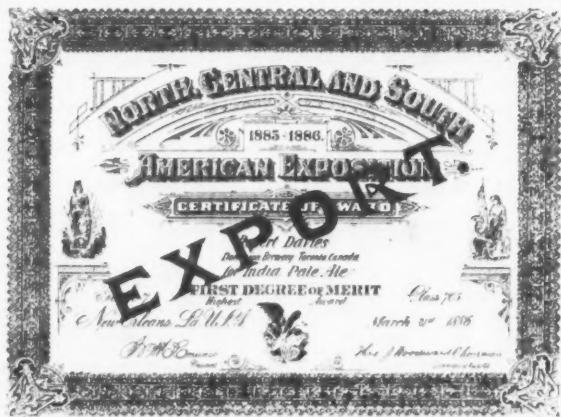
J. & J. LUGSDIN, 101 Yonge St.  
TORONTO

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.  
India and Ceylon Tea Merchants

HAVE REMOVED FROM  
631-2 King Street West

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81 King Street West, Toronto

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COAL AND  
LOWEST  
PRICES



ELIAS  
ROGERS  
& CO.

HEAD OFFICE  
20 KING ST. WEST  
TORONTO

## CORTICELLI



Best in the World

J. L. JONES ENG. CO. TORONTO

## GO WEST Tea Gowns, Silk Waists, Etc.

OCTOBER 3rd, 4th, 5th

VIA



FROM TORONTO TO

Detroit	-	-	-	\$ 4 00
Cleveland	-	-	-	6 50
Saginaw	-	-	-	7 00
Bay City	-	-	-	8 00
Grand Rapids	-	-	-	10 00
Cincinnati	-	-	-	33 00 and 34 50
Chicago	-	-	-	According to Route.
St. Paul and Minneapolis	-	-	-	

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN UNTIL OCT. 21



WE have been the recipients of many flattering comments on the elegant display we made at the recent Exhibition of these goods, which were specially imported for us, and most of those elegant Tea Gowns now form a part of many fair ladies' wardrobes. We have opened up another shipment of these dainty garments, both in Henrietta Cloth, Combination Silk and Crepon—prices from \$8.00 to \$16.00. Every lady in want of such a garment should see our fine display.

Our stock of Silk Waists, now so much worn, was never better. We have them in plain Silk, Stripes, Checks

and Chamelon effects; also some very pretty styles for evening wear in Crepon.

Little Folks Cloaks and Wraps.—The latest novelties in Cream and Fawn Sealette, Cream and Fawn Eider Cloth—great value, from \$1.75 to \$6. Please call and see these novelties.

R. WALKER & SONS 33 to 43 King Street East

## The "Famous Active" Range



THE PRODUCT OF... 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

The Handsomest and Best Working Cooking Apparatus ever made in Canada.

No guessing as to heat of oven. Thermometer in door shows it exactly. Every cook will appreciate this feature. Oven ventilated and cemented top and bottom, ensuring even cooking.

THE MCLARY Mfg. Co.,  
LONDON, MONTREAL,  
TORONTO, WINNIPEG,  
VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

## MCKENDRY'S

SATURDAY

## Millinery

Our styles "sont les plus nouvelles et chic de Paris." Never have the showrooms been filled with a higher grade stock than now. "Les femmes de la mode" crowd the department each day, and orders now on hand keep all hands as busy as bees. Every lady in Canada should be interested in this corner of the busiest store in town.

## Mantles

Direct importations from Berlin, personally selected, are meeting with a ready sale. It will be a surprise to new customers to find the nattiest garments at popular little prices. We send to the address of any responsible family in Ontario several mantles on approval, paying express charges if one or more be kept. Allow us to recommend the Jackets made of Frieze, Boucle, Cheviot, Tweed and Beaver Cloths, at \$5, \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$10. Every garment is made well, latest cut and splendid fitting. When ordering give bust and waist measure, color of cloth, and about the prices required. We do the rest.

MCKENDRY & CO.  
202, 204, 206, 208  
Yonge St.  
TORONTO

## CHINA HALL

### Ranson...

A complete assortment of this pattern in "WHITE CHINA."

### Art Glass...

A choice selection of crystal shapes for decorating.

## JUNIOR & IRVING

49 King Street East, Toronto

### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

IRWIN—Sept. 26, Mrs. George Irwin—a daughter.  
ALLEN—Oct. 1, Mrs. S. H. Allen—a daughter.  
EDDUP—Sept. 20, Mrs. Herbert Eddup—a daughter.  
HEPBURN—Sept. 30, Mrs. R. R. Hepburn—a daughter.  
MACPHERSON—Sept. 30, Mrs. Wm. Macpherson—a son.  
DRAYTON—Sept. 28, Mrs. Reginald Drayton—a son.

#### Marriages.

WALSH—KORMANN—On Wednesday at St. Basil's church, Toronto, by Rev. Father Brennan, assisted by Rev. Dr. Treacy, Miss Francis E. Kormann, daughter of the late Ignatius Kormann, to Mr. J. O. Walsh, editor of Walsh's Magazine.  
CROSBY—BASCOM—Oct. 1, Trueman White Crosby to Mary Blanch Bascom.  
CARNY—AWDE—Oct. 1, W. Nelson Carny to Mary Pearson Aude.  
FORSYTH—SHERBROOK—Sept. 28, Newton W. Forsyth to Lillian H. Sherbrook.  
BRYANT—SMART—Sept. 20, H. N. W. Bryant to E. Smart.  
CLARK—MURRAY—Sept. 25, R. S. Clark to Mary S. Murray.  
DEXTER—FOSTER—Sept. 25, Thomas G. Dexter to Lily Foster.

#### Deaths.

CHAMBERS—Sept. 29, Charles Chambers, aged 21.  
COFF—Sept. 29, Caroline Anne Thomas Coff.  
IRWIN—Sept. 29, William Irwin, aged 64.  
RODGER—Sept. 29, William F. Rodger, aged 21.  
SMALLEY—Sept. 27, Arthur S. Smalley, an infant.  
SWITZER—Sept. 28, Greta Switzer.  
BRYSON—Sept. 30, Alexander H. Bryson, aged 64.  
MORTON—Sept. 31, Ellen M. R. Morton, aged 40.  
SCOTT—Sept. 31, John T. Scott, aged 63.  
ANDERSON—Oct. 2, Jane Campbell Anderson, aged 85.

### DR. G. L. BALL

Office, "The Forum," Yonge St. Tel. 2133. Hours, 9-5.  
Residence, 84 Bedford Road. Tel. 4067. Hours, 8-10 p.m.



## Social and Personal.

On Friday evening of last week the blaze of light from gymnasium to basement of the Athletic Club gave evidence that the handsome building was en fête for the first hop of the season. While not strictly society events, these dances are graced by the presence of some very nice people, and many a smart dame cannot resist the perfect floor, the good music and the certainty of any number of partners to choose from, while *les beaux yeux* of the crowd of pretty girls who are always to be found at these Club dances attract men who often vote other dances a complete bore. One thing goes without saying, that a happier and better pleased party gathers very seldom outside the Athletic Club. Friday was no exception. The president of the lady's committee, Mrs. W. S. Lee, who wore an evening gown of green velvet with brocade bodice and *passementerie*, assisted by several members of the house committee, received the guests, who poured into the wide gymnasium and made themselves into a solid blockade about the only draughty corner of the vast room, as is their usual fashion. Towering above the medium-sized people was the light-footed high jumper of the London Athletic Club, Mr. Williams, and he danced, *a la Gros-smith*, a polka, in which he "covered the ground" at a record-breaking pace. Mr. Williams made plenty of friends and is a delightfully merry and *insouciant* specimen of young England. Mr. Stevenson, another London Athletic Club member, chatted with the men and women to whom he was presented, and laughingly begged their good wishes for the morrow. I did not remark that the remaining four of the English sextette were at the Athletic dance. Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, with Miss Crooks, looked in for an hour or two. It would not seem that one could find anything properly done at the Athletic without the kindly presence of the master and mistress of the Grange, and many a word of appreciation which they did not hear greeted them as they walked across to the chairs reserved for them opposite the musicians' gallery. Quite a number of strange faces, some of them very pretty ones, were seen among the dancers. Miss Jessie Murray came with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan; Miss Strange, Miss Orde and Miss Stanley, with Major and Mrs. Leigh; Mr. Remy Elmslie brought his daughters; Miss Elmslie were cream touched with black; Miss Gertrude, the fair girl whose graceful form and sweet face are so well known on the tennis lawn, was in pink and looked very lovely; Miss Edith Jarvis was also in pink, and disputed with Miss Elmslie the place of belle; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Robertson, the lady in a white ball gown, with brocade flowers in pretty tints; an always charming girl, Miss Temple, looked particularly well; Miss Muir of Port Dalhousie, who came over for the Meiba concert, was a guest at this dance; Mrs. Alfred Wright brought her sister, Miss Nicoll, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Dr. Trowe, Miss Trimmingham, and the Misses Gosling of Bermuda, were a few whom I remarked present. Miss Mary Elwood, the erstwhile mermaid of the swimming-bath, was in heliotrope with white lace; Miss Lily Phillips looked very pretty, as did Miss Stella Morton, in a rich white satin gown. Supper was very promptly served in the handsome dining-room, and the new caterer had an army of liveried men, resplendently ablaze with many brass buttons, who waited very nicely. Promptly at twelve the dance was concluded, and was, I hope, only a foretaste of the success of the Club reunions to follow.

A house on Carlton street, in which a solitary bachelor has for months been having a lonely time, welcomed back its master and mistress last week. Mr. and Mrs. James Scott and their daughters have returned after a long sojourn in the Old Country.

Mrs. Clinch's tea, though gotten up as an impromptu for Mrs. Welford, was quite a crush, the pretty house being packed in quite a midwinter fashion. The hostess wore a most becoming gown of delicate green silk and crepon; Mrs. Welford wore a black gown with deep folds of white lace. Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Judge and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Forester, Miss Seymour, Mrs. Columbus Greene and Miss Greene, Mr. S. and Miss Small, and Mr. George Beardmore were a few I noticed in the crowd of guests.

As all the little world about us knows by this time, there were very few Toronto people at the Gymkhana in Hamilton on Saturday. Instead of going to the afternoon's fun at the Ambitious City, the Toronto Hunt Club met down east and had a splendid afternoon's run. Whatever the friction which resulted in the Toronto men, women and horses hunting our eastern fields instead of taking part in the Gymkhana, it did not seem to worry much the merry train who went flying across country, some getting tumbles but no one being any the worse therefor. Mrs. Carruthers on Glen Fox was first in at the finish, and had a sly Reynard been there as well, yet another brush would have gone where several have gone before. Miss Beardmore, on Lassie, Miss Cawthra on Firm, Miss James on Woodstock, Mrs. J. K. Kerr on Eric and Miss Lee on Sweetheart were a quintette of horsewomen who would have been good company for Miss Hendrie and have done their graceful part at the races if—but what's to be gained by regretting a *contretemps*? The only thing to be done now, says a leading huntsman, is to invite the Hamilton Jockey Club down here and out-do our record in treating them well.

Mr. H. G. McMicken, popularly known as "Ham," Canadian General Agent of the Great Northern Railway, has left Toronto to accept a more responsible position in Duluth. He will be greatly missed, for there was not a more popular or efficient railroad man in Canada in his line.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season in Ingersoll took place on Wednesday of last



## Change of Season New Season Hosiery

MEASURE our talk of hosiery by what follows. All the new season's goods are opened, and our good name for fine hosiery is borne out in the whole range of openings.

Ladies' All-wool Cashmere Hose, extra heavy 200. Ladies' Plain and Ribbed Cashmere Hose, spliced heel and toe, 50c. Special, Ladies' High Spliced Ankle, Full-fashioned, Cashmere Hose, 3 for \$1. Ladies' Extra Heavy High Spliced Ankle and Double Sole, Cashmere Hose, 50c, or 3 for \$1.40. Ladies' Plain or Drop Stitch, Black and Tan, Lisle Thread Hose, 3 for \$1. Ladies' Extra Fine Natural Wool Hose, high spliced ankles, 50c, or 3 for \$1.40. These are entirely free from dye of any kind.

Special, Ladies' Heavy Ribbed Cashmere Hose, double heel and toe, 3 for \$1. Children's All-wool Ribbed Cashmere Hose, double heel and toe, 20c. Children's Double Knee, Heel and Toe, Ribbed Cashmere Hose, all sizes, 25c. Children's Heavy Plain All-wool Hose, 2 for 25c., up to size 7. Boys' Heavy Ribbed Wool Hose, double heel and toe, all sizes, 25c. Special, Ladies' Plain Saxony Wool, extra fine, double heel and toe, 3 for \$1.

DURING RE-BUILDING **R. SIMPSON** 84, 86, 88, 90 YONGE ST. TORONTO

## IN ALL THE CITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

THERE IS A DEPOT OF  
**Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System & Co.**

WE HAVE OPENED A  
CANADIAN DEPOT, at 63 King St. West, Toronto  
Sanitary Woollen Underclothing, Dress Goods, Bedding, &c.  
Call and Inspect Goods, which have the Strongest Recommendation of the Medical Faculty Everywhere.  
**WREYFORD & CO.** - Proprietors  
Ladies' Department under charge of MRS. WREYFORD. Illustrated Price List sent free on application.

## Diamond Hall Take Toilet Bottles

A simple illustration of the marvelous completeness of this season's importations will be found in our TOILET BOTTLES.

Over 150 designs are now shown by us, beginning at a small, NEAT CUT GLASS PERFUME WITH STERLING SILVER MOUNTS AT \$1 and traveling by easy stages up to 14 KT. GOLD ONES WITH DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES AT \$70 EACH.

Such designs and such values have never been seen hitherto.

**Ryrie Bros.**  
Jewelers and Silversmiths  
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Try mail ordering from us.  
Money back if wanted.

week, when Mr. Robert Scott of Edinburgh, Scotland, was married to Miss Agnes L. Chadwick of Ingersoll. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. Aaron Christopher, in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arthur Murphy, M.A. Mr. H. Summer was groomsmen. The bridesmaids, Miss Jean Christopher and Miss Mary Chadwick, were charmingly gowned in pink silk trimmed with white lace and chiffon, and carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride wore her traveling-dress, a stylish suit of brown ladies' cloth, and very stately and beautiful she was; indeed, the cynosure of all eyes. The service was held in the spacious drawing-room, which was tastefully decorated with palms, potted ferns and amilax. After the congratulations, refreshments were served in the supper-rooms. The presents were unusually numerous and beautiful, among them being several from St. James' church, of which Miss Chadwick has been an active member from her childhood and where her life has been "one sweet record and deed of charity." Among the guests were: Mrs. and Miss Hutchinson of London, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Sumner, Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wilson of Ingersoll; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson of Simcoe, Mr. and Mrs. Hertzberg of Toronto, Mrs. McCartney of Detroit, Miss McMaster of Toronto, Mrs. Livingstone of Tilsonburg. The *nouveaux mariés* left on the five o'clock train for the East and will shortly sail for Scotland.

About this time of year the lady managers of the various charitable institutions of the city are to be seen, book and pencil in hand, canvassing their several districts for subscriptions. It is a fact that many of the most earnest and successful canvassers have resigned from their Boards solely because the annual tour of their

districts was too trying, and that others are willing to pay a large price to a professional collector to canvass, with more or less success, in their places. As most of the charities depend largely on this canvass for funds to meet their winter expenses, it seems timely to bespeak for the ladies the consideration of those upon whom they call. Some of us have very pleasant memories of such canvasses in past years. There is a charming home in Wellington place, where the canvasser is cheerily welcomed, the affairs of the charity intelligently enquired into and the yearly subscription promptly handed over, sending the tired and unselfish lady away, who gives time and strength in her work for the needy, cheered and encouraged in a wonderful degree. But alas! There are others!

Bicycle teas are an autumn pastime; men and maids must ride to the very door, and cycling costumes are compulsory. How neat and pretty these can be, and what noble calves can be accomplished by the clever man who knows how, one needs to see to believe.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent and Miss Lily Kent of St. George street are visiting relations in Chicago.

The small gallantries of social life are practically snuffed out by senseless and malicious gossip. It is scarcely safe to offer a weekly tribute of flowers to the woman one admires or to single her out in any trivial way for attention, without hearing some envious or malicious comment made. This spirit of jealousy and backbiting is responsible for much of the *gavacherie* and reserve sometimes noticeable in the Toronto male member of society. I heard an American girl expressing her amazement at some comments on a gallant bachelor's devotion to a fair girl. "Sends her flowers and takes her driving!" she said. "Why, that's his duty, is it not?" Perhaps when put upon such high grounds, our Toronto Grundys might approve of it.

Of Course...  
There are many other kinds of bread in Toronto, but it is a remarkable fact that  
**All  
The Best People  
Eat**  
  
You will find the reason in every loaf.  
**The HARRY WEBB CO., Ltd.**  
447 YONGE ST.

**Fresh Fish**  
Salmon, Halibut, Cod, Haddock, Salmon Trout and White Fish are the principle varieties in season at the present time. Smoked Salmon, Finnan Haddies, Ciscos, Bulk, Can and Shell Oysters—all of the choicest quality and lowest prices.

**SIMPSON'S**  
FRUIT, VEGETABLE, FISH, ETC., MARKET  
756 and 758 Yonge St.  
Telephones 3445 and 4239

**CAMELLINE**  
An exquisite Californian preparation for the complexion.  
SAMPLES FREE AT THE  
**ROSSIN HOUSE DRUG STORE**

Catto's Supply...

## Schools and Colleges

WITH...  
**BLANKETS  
CURTAINS  
WHITE QUILTS  
BATT. COMFORTS**  
At LOWEST WHOLESALE RATES

**JOHN CATTO & SON - Dry Goods Only**  
KING STREET Opposite the Post Office

## "Thistle" Haddies



These fish are noted for their reliability of quality, and are more wholesome and digestible than Salmon.

For the Skin and Complexion

...USE...



Beware of Imitations

**F. W. HUDSON & CO.** - TORONTO  
CANADIAN AGENTS

## Cards For Invitations, etc.

We keep in stock, ready for use, Invitation and At Home Cards for all purposes. Much work, money and expense is often saved by using them. They are better in quality and cheaper than ever before.

**WM. TYRRELL CO.**  
12 King West - Toronto

**PEMBER'S**  
Hair Goods  
Hair Dressing  
Manicure  
Massage  
AND Turkish Bath  
ESTABLISHMENT  
HAIR GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
Bangs, naturally curly, the lightest and most natural in appearance ever produced. Switches, naturally wavy. Ladies, if you want something light, soft and pretty, which you can dress yourself, get one of these with hair. Waves, Wigs, Gents' Wigs and Toupees in stock and made to order, and our prices have no equal.  
Our Turkish Baths for Ladies and Gents are complete in every respect, with the needle bath, combination of spine, liver and other sprays. It is the best equipped bath in Canada. Ladies' bath and hair dress \$1, 6 for \$5, 13 for \$10. Open all night. Sleeping apartments for night bathers.  
**W. T. Pember** 127 Yonge St., Toronto Telephone 2275

**MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG**  
41 King Street West

The Very Latest and Most Fashionable

**Millinery Novelties and Veilings**

NOW ON VIEW

**Tailor-made Suits & Riding Habits a Specialty**  
While in town visit the reception-room of my fashionable dressmaking parlors, 5 King Street West. You will be made welcome. Here you can inspect at your leisure the latest ideas in French, English and American fashions in all costumes and reception dresses.  
**MISS PATON, 5 KING STREET WEST**

**MRS. J. PHILP**  
Ladies and Children's Outfitter  
Infants' outfits, from... \$10.00  
Infants' Short Dresses, from... 50  
Children's Dresses, all ages, to order.  
Ladies and children's Fine Underwear a specialty.

**MISS PLUMMER, Dressmaker.**  
Oddfellows' Hall Buildings  
Has returned from England and is now ready to receive her customers.

The Quality OF Gracefulness  
So highly valued in these *modest* as the face.  
A PERFECTLY FITTING CORSET  
giving the wearer an elegant and stylish appearance. We can confidently recommend our "Long Waist Corset." It is a Strip Corset, designed from a recent Parisian fashion, boned with our improved Corset, and made in dove, eoru and white.  
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY  
**The Crompton Corset Co.**  
TORONTO

**WORLD'S FAIR**  
FRANCIS ARMAND & CO.  
Manufacturers of the Hair Goods, Hair Trimming, Hair Dyes, Hair Restorers, Hair Dressing, Perfumery, Cosmetics, Hair Dressings, etc.  
Toronto, Canada.  
  
A GUARANTEE OF THE MERIT OF THE WORK  
HAVING COMPLETED AGAINST THE WORLD  
Ladies and Children's Hair Trimming, Singing and Shampooing. Ladies' Fashionable Hair Dressing. Gray Hair restored to any color or shade. Ladies' Bangs, Waves, Head Coverings, Wigs, etc. Gentlemen's Toupees and Wigs made to order. Ladies, Children and Gentlemen's Manicure Parlors. Ladies' Face Massage and Steaming, most natural and efficacious treatment for the complexion. Telephone 2493. Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store, 441 Yonge, cor. Carlton, Toronto.

No. 10 Washington Avenue  
Six doors east of Spadina Avenue  
**MISS M. E. LAKEY**  
Formerly of Gerrard Street East, is now conducting her Dressmaking establishment at above address. Evening dresses and trousseaus a specialty.  
**MANICURING**  
**HAIR DRESSING** The care and treatment of the hair and scalp a specialty.  
**L. A. STACKHOUSE, 124 King St. West**



# THE CAT AND THE KING.

By Stanley J. Weyman, author of *A Gentleman of France*, *My Lady Rotha*, etc.  
From *McClure's Magazine* for October.

It was in the spring of the year 1609 that at the king's instance I had a suite of apartments fitted up for him at the Arsenal, that he might visit me whenever it pleased him, without putting my family to inconvenience. He honored me by using these rooms, which consisted of a hall, a chamber, a wardrobe, and a closet, two or three times in the course of that year, availing himself of my attendants and cook. On the occasion of his last visit he had been staying at Chantilly, and came to me from Lusarbo, where he lay the intervening night. My coaches went to meet him at the gates a little before noon, but he did not immediately arrive; and being at leisure, and having assured myself that the dinner of twelve covers, which he had directed to be ready, was in course of preparation, I went with my wife to inspect his rooms and satisfy myself that everything was in order.

They were in charge of La Trape, a man of address and intelligence. He met me at the door and conducted us through the rooms with an air of satisfaction; nor could I find the slightest fault, until my wife, looking about her with a woman's eye for minute things, paused by the bed in the chamber, and directed my attention to something on the floor.

She stooped over it. "What is this?" she asked. "Has something been—"

"Upset here?" I said, looking also. There was a little pool of white liquid on the floor beside the bed.

La Trape uttered an exclamation of annoyance, and explained that he had not seen it before, that it had not been there five minutes earlier, and that he did not know how it came to be there now.

"What is it?" I said, looking about for some pitcher that might have overflowed, but finding none. "Is it milk?"

"I don't know, your excellency," he answered. "But it shall be removed at once."

"See that it is," I said. "Are the boughs in the fireplace fresh?" For the weather was still warm, and we had not lit a fire.

"Yes, your excellency; quite fresh."

"Well, see to that, and remove it," I said, pointing to the mess. "It looks ill."

And with that the matter passed from my mind; the more completely as I heard at that moment the sound of the king's approach, and went into the court-yard to receive him. He dined well, and after dinner amused himself with seeing the young men ride at the ring, and even rode a course himself with his usual skill; that being, if I remember rightly, the last occasion on which I ever saw him take a lance. After supper, pronouncing himself tired, he dismissed all, and retired with me to his chamber. Here we had some talk; but about eleven o'clock he yawned, and after thanking me for a reception which, he said, was quite to his mind, he bade me go to bed.

I was half way to the door when he called me back. "Why, Grand Master," he said, pointing to the little table by the head of the bed on which his night drinks stood, "you might be going to drown me. Do you expect me to drink all these in the night?"

"I think that there is only your posset, sire," I said, "and the lemon-water, which you generally drink."

"And two or three other things?"

"Perhaps they have given your Majesty some of the Arboles wine that you were good enough to—"

"Tut-tut!" he said, lifting the cover of one of the cups. "This is not wine. It may be a milk-posset."

"Yes, sire; very likely," I said drowsily.

"But it is not," he answered, when he had smelled it. "It is plain milk. Come, my friend," he continued, looking drolly at me, "have you turned leech, or I babe in arms, that you put such strong liquors before me? However, to show you that I have some childish tastes left, and am not so depraved as you have been trying to make me out for the last hour, I will drink your health in it. It would serve you right if I made you pledge me in the same liquor."

The cup was at his lips when I sprang forward and, heedless of ceremony, caught his arm. "Pardon, sire!" I cried, in sudden agitation. "If that is milk, I have no order that it should be placed here, and I know nothing of its origin. I beg that you will not drink it until I have made some enquiry."

"They have all been tasted?" he asked, still holding the cup in his hand, with the lid raised, but looking at it gravely.

"They should have been," I answered. "But La Trape, whom I made answerable for that, is outside. I will go and question him. If you will wait, sire, a moment—"

"No," Henry said. "Have him here."

I gave the order to the pages who were waiting outside, and in a moment La Trape appeared, looking startled and uncomfortable. Naturally, his first glance was given to the king, who had taken his seat on the edge of the bed, but still held the cup in his hand. After asking the king's permission, I said: "What drinks did you place on the table, here, sirrah?"

He looked more uncomfortable at this, but he answered boldly enough that he had served a posset, some lemon-water, and some milk.

"But orders were given only for the lemon-water and the posset," I said.

"True, your excellency," he answered. "But when I went to the pantry hatch, to see the under-butler carry up the tray, I found that the milk was on the tray; and I supposed that you had given another order."

"Possibly Madame de Sally," the king said, looking at me, "gave the order to do it?"

"She would not presume to do so, sire," I answered sternly. "Nor do I in the least understand the matter. But at one thing we can easily arrive. You tasted all of these, man?"

La Trape said he had.

"You drank a quantity, a substantial quantity of each, according to the orders given to you?" I persisted.

"Yes, your excellency."

But I caught a guilty look in his eyes, and in a gust of rage I cried out that he lied. "The truth!" I thundered, in a terrible voice.

"The truth, you villain! You did not taste all?"

"I did, your excellency; as God is above, I did!" he answered. But he had grown pale, and he looked at the king in a terrified way.

"You did?"

"Yes."

Yet I did not believe him, and I was about to give him the lie again, when the king intervened. "Quite so," he said to La Trape, with a smile. "You drank, my good fellow, of the posset and the lemon-water, and you tasted the milk, but you did not drink of it. Is not that the whole truth?"

"Yes, sire," he whimpered, breaking down. "But I—I gave some to a cat."

"And the cat is no worse?"

"No, sire."

"There, Grand Master," the king said, turning to me, "that is the truth, I think. What do you say to it?"

"That the rest is simple," I answered grimly. "He did not drink it before, but he will drink it now, sire."

The king, sitting on the bed, laughed and looked at La Trape, as if his good nature almost led him to interpose. But after a moment's hesitation he thought better of it, and handed me the cup. "Very well," he said; "he is your man. Have your way with him. After all, he should have drunk it."

"He shall drink it now, or be broken on the wheel!" I said. "Do you hear, you?" I continued, turning to him in a white heat of rage at the thought of his negligence, and the price it might have cost me. "Take it, and beware that you do not drop or spill it. For I swear that that shall not save you!"

He took the cup with a pale face, and hands that shook so much that he needed both to support the vessel. He hesitated, too, so long that I had not possessed the best of reasons for believing in his fidelity I should have suspected him of more than negligence. The shadow of his tall figure seemed to waver on the tapestry behind him, and with a little imagination I might have thought that the lights in the room had sunk. The soft whispering of the pages outside could be heard, and a stifled laugh; but inside there was not a sound. He carried the cup to his lips, then he lowered it again.

I took a step forward.

He recoiled a pace, his face ghastly.

"Patience, excellency," he said hoarsely. "I shall drink it. But I want to speak first."

"Speak!" the king answered.

"If there is death in it, I take God to witness that I know nothing, and knew nothing. There is some witch's work here; it is not the first time that I have come across this devil's milk to-day. But I take God to witness I know nothing. Now it is here I will drink it—"

He did not finish the sentence, but, drawing a deep breath, raised the cup to his lips. I saw the apple in his throat rise and fall with the effort he made to swallow, but he drank so slowly that it seemed to me that he would never drain the cup. Nor did he; for when he had swallowed, as far as I could judge from the tilting of the cup, about half of the milk, Henry rose suddenly, and, seizing it, took it from him with his own hand.

"That will do," the king said. "Do you feel ill?"

La Trape drew a trembling hand across his brow, on which the sweat stood in beads; but instead of answering he remained silent, gazing fixedly before him. We waited and watched, and at length, when I should think three minutes had elapsed, he changed his position for one of greater ease, and I saw his face relax. The unsteady color faded, and the open lips closed. A minute later he spoke. "I feel nothing, sire," he said.

The king looked at me drolly. "Then take five minutes more," he said. "Go and stare at Judith there cutting off the head of Holofernes—for that was the story of the tapestry—and come when I call you."

La Trape went to the other end of the chamber. "Well," the king said, inviting me by a sign to sit down beside him, "is it a comedy or a tragedy, my friend? Or, tell me, what was it he meant when he said that about the other milk?"

I explained, the matter seeming so trivial now that I came to tell it—though it had doubtless contributed much to La Trape's fright—that I had to apologize.

"Still, it is odd," the king said. "These drinks were not here at that time, of course?"

"No, sire; they have been brought up within the hour."

"Well, your butler must explain it." And with that he raised his voice and called La Trape back, who came, looking red and sheepish.

"Not dead yet?" the king said.

"No, sire."

"Nor ill?"

"No, sire."

"Then be gone. Or, stay!" Henry continued. "Throw the rest of this stuff into the fireplace. It may be harmless, but I have no mind to drink it by mistake."

La Trape emptied the cup among the green boughs that filled the hearth, and hastened to withdraw. It seemed to be too late to make further enquiries that night; so after listening to two or three explanations which the king hazarded, but which had all too fanciful an air in my eyes, I took my leave and retired.

I found it impossible to sleep, and spent the greater part of the night in a fever of fears and forebodings. The responsibility which the king's presence cast upon me lay so heavily upon my waking mind that I could not lie; and long before the king's usual hour of rising I was at his door, enquiring how he did. No one knew for the page whose turn it was to sleep at his feet had not come out; but while I stood questioning, the king's voice was heard, bidding me enter. I went in and found him sitting up with a haggard face, which told me, before he spoke, that he had slept little better than I had. The shutters were thrown wide open, and the cold morning light poured into the room with an effect rather sombre than bright, the huge figures on the tapestry loom-

ing huger from a drab and melancholy background, and the chamber presenting all those features of disorder that in a sleeping-room lie hid at night, only to show themselves in a more vivid shape in the morning.

The king sent his page out and bade me sit by him. "I have had a bad night," he said, with a shudder.

Seeing the state in which he was, I could think of nothing better than to rally him, and even laugh at him. "You think so now, sire," I said. "It is the cold hour. By and by, when you have broken your fast, you will think differently."

"But, it may be, less correctly," he answered; and as he sat looking before him with gloomy eyes he heaved a deep sigh. "My friend," he said mournfully, "I want to live, and I am going to die."

"Of what?" I asked gayly.

"I do not know; but I dreamed last night that a house fell on me in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, and I cannot help thinking that I shall die in that way."

"Very well," I said. "It is well to know that."

He asked me peevishly what I meant.

"Only," I explained, "that, in that case, as your Majesty need never pass through that street, you have it in your hands to live forever."

"Perhaps it may not happen there—in that very street," he answered.

"And perhaps it may not happen yet," I rejoined. And then, more seriously, "Come, sire," I continued, "why this sudden weakness? I have known you face death a hundred times."

"But not after such a dream as I had last night," he said, with a grimace—yet I could see that he was already comforted. "I thought that I was passing along that street in my coach, and on a sudden, between Saint Innocent's church and the notary's—there is a notary's there?"

"Yes, sire," I said, somewhat surprised.

"I heard a great roar, and something struck me down, and I found myself pinned to the ground, in darkness, with my mouth full of dust, and an immense beam on my chest. I lay for a time in agony, fighting for breath, and then my brain seemed to burst from my head, and I awoke."

"I have had such a dream, sire," I said drolly.

"Last night?"

"No," I said, "not last night."

He saw what I meant, and laughed; and being by this time quite himself, left that and passed to discussing the strange affair of La Trape and the milk. "Have you found, as yet, who was good enough to supply it?" he asked.

"No, sire," I answered; "but I will see La Trape, and as soon as I have learned anything, your Majesty shall know it."

"I suppose he is not far off now," he suggested. "Send for him. Ten to one he will have made enquiries, and it will amuse us."

I went to the door and, opening it a trifle, bade the page who waited send La Trape. He passed on the message to a crowd of sleepy attendants, and quickly, but not before I had gone back to the king's bedside, La Trape entered.

Having my eyes turned the other way, I did not at once remark anything. But the king did; and his look of astonishment, no less than the exclamation which accompanied it, arrested my attention. "Saint Gils, man!" he cried. "What is the matter? Speak!"

La Trape, who had stopped just within the door, made an effort to do so, but no sound passed his lips; while his pallor and the fixed glare of his eyes filled me with the worst apprehensions. It was impossible to look at him and not share his fright, and I stepped forward and cried out to him to speak.

"Answer the king, man," I said. "What is it?"

He made an effort, and with a ghastly grimace, "The cat is dead!" he said.

For a moment we were all silent. Then I looked at the king, and he at me, with gloomy meaning in our eyes. He was the first to speak. "The cat to whom you gave the milk?"

"Yes, sire," La Trape answered, in a voice that seemed to come from his heart.

"But still, courage!" the king cried. "Courage, man! A dose that would kill a cat may not kill a man. Do you feel ill?"

"Oh, yes, sire," La Trape moaned.

"What do you feel?"

"I have a trembling in all my limbs, and ah—ah, my God, I am a dead man! I have a burning here—a pain like hot coals in my vitals!" And, leaning against the wall, the unfortunate man clasped his arms around his body, and bent himself up and down in a paroxysm of suffering.

"A doctor! a doctor!" Henry cried, thrusting one leg out of bed. "Send for du Laurens!" Then as I went to the door to do so, "Can you be sick, man?" he asked. "Try!"

"No, no; it is impossible!"

"But try, try! When did this cat die?"

"It is outside," La Trape groaned. He could say no more.

I had opened the door by this time, and found the attendants, whom the man's cries had alarmed, in a cluster around it. Silencing them sternly, I bade one go for Monsieur du Laurens, the king's physician, while another brought me the cat that was dead.

The page who had spent the night in the king's chamber fetched it. I told him to bring it in, and ordering the others to let the doctor pass when he arrived, I closed the door upon their curiosity, and went back to the king. He had left his bed and was standing near La Trape, endeavoring to lighten him; now telling him to tickle his throat with a feather, and now watching his sufferings in silence, with a face of gloom and despondency that sufficiently betrayed his reflections. At sight of the page, however, carrying the dead cat, he turned briskly, and we both examined the beast, which, already rigid, with staring eyes and uncovered teeth, was not a sight to cheer any one, much less the stricken man. La Trape, however, seemed to be scarcely aware of its presence. He had sunk upon a chest which stood against the wall, and, with his body strangely twisted, was muttering prayers, while he rocked himself to and fro unceasingly.

"It's stiff," the king said in a low voice. "It has been dead some hours."

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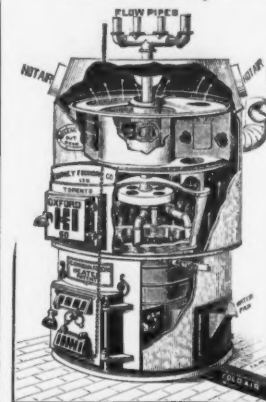
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"Since midnight," I muttered.

"Pardon, sire," the page who was holding the cat said; "I saw it after midnight. It was alive then."

"You saw it!" I exclaimed. "How? Where?"

"Here, your excellency," the boy answered, quailing a little.

"What? In this room?"

"Yes, excellency. I heard a noise about—I think about two o'clock—and his Majesty breathing very heavily. It was a noise like a cat spitting. It frightened me and I rose from my pallet and went around the bed. I was just in time to see the cat jump down."

"From the bed?"

"Yes, your excellency. From his Majesty's chest, I think."

"Are you sure that it was this cat?"

"Yes, sire; for as soon as it was on the floor it began to writhe and roll and bite itself, with all its fur on end, like a mad cat. Then it flew to the door and tried to get out, and again began to spit furiously. I thought that it would awaken the king, and I let it out."

"And then the king did awake?"

"He was just awaking, your excellency."

"Well, sire," I said, smiling, "this accounts, I think, for your dream of the house that fell, and the beam that lay on your chest."

It would have been difficult to say whether at this the king looked more foolish or more relieved. Whichever the sentiment he entertained, however, it was quickly cut short by a lamentable cry that drove the blood from our cheeks. La Trape was in another paroxysm.

"Oh, the poor man!" Henry cried.

"I suppose that the cat came in unseen," I said, "with him last night, and then stayed in the room?"

"Doubtless."

"And was seized with a paroxysm here?"

"Such as he has now," Henry answered; for La Trape had fallen to the floor. "Such as he has now," he repeated, his eyes flaming, his face pale. "Oh, my friend, this is too much! Those who do these things are devils, not men. Where is du Laurens? Where is the doctor? He will perish before our eyes."

"Patience, sire," I said. "He will come."

"But in the meantime the man dies."

"No, no," I said, going to La Trape, and touching his hand. "Yet he is very cold."

And turning, I sent the page to hasten the doctor. Then I begged the king to allow me to have the man conveyed into another room. "His sufferings distress you, sire, and you do him no good," I said.

"No, he shall not go," he answered. "Ventre Saint Gils! man, he is dying for me! He is dying in my place. He shall die here."

Still ill satisfied, I was about to press him further, when La Trape raised his voice, and feebly asked for me. A page who had taken the other's place was supporting his head, and two or three of my gentlemen, who had come in unbidden, were looking on with scared faces. I went to the poor fellow's side and asked what I could do for him.

"I am dying," he muttered, turning up his eyes. "The doctor! the doctor!"

I feared that he was passing, but I bade him have courage. "In a moment he will be here," I said; while the king, in distraction, sent messenger on messenger.

"He will come too late," the sinking man answered. "Excuse me, sire."

"Yes, my good fellow," I said, stooping that I might hear the better.

"I took ten pistoles yesterday from a man to get him a scullion's place, and there is none

vacant."

"It is forgiven," I said to soothe him.

"And your excellency's favorite hound, Diane," he gasped. "She had three puppies, not two. I sold the other."

"Well, it is forgiven, my friend. It is forgiven. Be easy," I said kindly.

"Ah, I have been a villain," he groaned, "I have lived loosely. Only last night I kissed the butler's wench, and—"

"Be easy, be easy," I said. "Here is the doctor. He will save you yet."

I made way for Monsieur du Laurens, who, having saluted the king, knelt down by the sick man and felt his pulse, while we all stood around, looking down on the two with grave anger.

"He is dead!" I said.

"And, scoundrel, shame! picture his jaw the room as first swelling ever he by himself, particularly the scene of silence quite held up."

"Why Trape, where he was another?"

"Yes, puppy!"

"Ay, tired, and of call?"

"Oxym, nothing, her!"

I took only of the king's myrtle clear up cat's dead of fashion, our min more Florenti and age many I which I had for upon me the sub leaving

Conse strange In the servant a piece rat and in hisling killed, king th

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faces. It seemed to me that the man's eyes were growing dim, and I had little hope. The king was the first to break the silence. "You have hope?" he said. "You can save him?"

"Pardon, sire, a moment," the physician answered, rising from his knees. "Where is the cat?"

Someone brought it, and Monsieur du Laurens, after looking at it, said curtly: "It has been poisoned."

La Trape uttered a groan of despair. "At what hour did it take the milk?" the physician asked.

"A little before ten last evening," I said, seeing that La Trape was too far gone for speech.

"Ah! And the man?"

"An hour later."

Du Laurens shook his head, and was preparing to lay down the cat, which he had taken in his hands, when some appearance led him to examine it again and more closely. "Why, what is this?" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, as he took the body to the window. "There is a large swelling under its chin."

No one answered.

"Give me a pair of scissors," he continued; and then, after a minute, when they had been handed to him, and he had removed the fur, "Ha!" he said gravely, "this is not so simple as I thought. The cat has been poisoned by a prick with some sharp instrument."

The king uttered an exclamation of incredulity. "But it drank the milk," he said. "Some milk that—"

"Pardon, sire," du Laurens answered positively. "A draught of milk, however drugged, does not produce an external swelling with a small blue puncture in the middle."

"What does it?" the king asked, with something like a sneer.

"Ah, that is the question," the physician answered. "A ring, perhaps, with a poison-chamber and hollow dart."

"But there is no question of that here," I said. "Let us be clear. Do you say that the cat did not die of the milk?"

"I see no proof that it did," he answered. "And many things to show that it died of poison administered by puncture."

"But, then," I answered, in no little confusion of thought, "what of La Trape?"

He turned, and with him all eyes, to the unfortunate quarry, who still lay seemingly moribund, with his head propped on some cushions. Monsieur du Laurens advanced to him and again felt his pulse, an operation which appeared to bring a slight tinge of color to the fading cheeks. "How much milk did he drink?" the physician asked after a pause.

"More than half a pint," I answered.

"And what besides?"

"A quantity of the king's posset and a little lemonade."

"And for supper? What did you have?" the leech continued, addressing himself to his patient.

"I had some wine," he answered feebly; "and a little Frontignac with the butler, and some honey-mead that the gypsy wench gave me."

"The gypsy wench?"

"The butler's girl of whom I spoke."

Monsieur du Laurens rose slowly to his feet, and, to my amazement, dealt the prostrate man a hearty kick, bidding him at the same time to rise. "Get up, fool! Get up," he continued harshly, yet with a ring of triumph in his voice; "all you have got is the colic, and it is no more than you deserve. Get up, I say, and beg His Majesty's pardon."

"But," the king remonstrated in a tone of anger, "the man is dying."

"He is no more dying than you are, sire," the other answered. "Or, if he is, it is of fright. There, he can stand as well as you or I."

And, to be sure, as he spoke, La Trape scrambled to his feet, and with a mien between shame and doubt stood staring at us, the very picture of a simpleton. It was no wonder that his jaw fell and his impudent face burned; for the room shook with such a roar of laughter, at first low, and then, as the king joined in it, swelling louder and louder, as few of us had ever heard. Though I was not a little mortified by the way in which we had deceived ourselves, I could not help joining in the laugh, particularly as the more closely we reviewed the scene in which we had taken part, the more absurd seemed the jest. It was long before silence could be obtained; but at length Henry, quite exhausted by the violence of his mirth, held up his hand. I seized the opportunity.

"Why, you rascal!" I said, addressing La Trape, who did not know which way to look, "where are the ten crowns of which you defrauded the scullion?"

"To be sure," the king said, going off into another roar. "And the third puppy?"

"Yes," I said, "you scoundrel! and the third puppy?"

"Ay, and the gypsy girl!" the king continued. "The butler's wench, what of her? And of your evil living? Begone, begone, rascal!" he continued, falling into a fresh paroxysm, "or you will kill us in earnest. Would nothing else do for you but to die in my chamber? Begone!"

I took this as a hint to clear the room, not only of La Trape himself, but of all; and presently only I and du Laurens remained with the king. It then appeared that there was still a mystery, and one which it behooved us to clear up, inasmuch as du Laurens took the cat's death very seriously, insisting that it had died of poison administered in a most sinister fashion, and one that could not fail to recall to our minds the Borgian popes. It needed no more than this to direct my suspicions to the Florentines who swarmed about the queen, and against whom the king had let drop so many threats. But an indisposition under which I was suffering, but which excitement had for a time kept at bay, began to return upon me, and I was presently glad to drop the subject and retire to my own apartments, leaving the king to dress.

Consequently, I was not with him when the strange discovery which followed was made. In the ordinary course of dressing, one of the servants, going to the fireplace to throw away a piece of waste linen, thought that he heard a rat stir among the boughs. He moved them, and in a moment a small snake crawled out, hissing and darting out its tongue. It was killed, and then it at once occurred to the king that he had the secret of the cat's death.

He came to me hot-foot with the news and found me with du Laurens, who was in the act of ordering me to bed.

"I confess that I heard the story almost with apathy, so ill was I. Not so the physician. After examining the snake, which, by the king's orders, had been brought for my inspection, he pronounced that it was not of French origin. "It has escaped from some snake-charmer," he said.

The king seemed to be incredulous.

"I assure you that I speak the truth, sire," du Laurens persisted.

"But how, then, did it come in my room?"

"That is what I should like to know, sire," the physician answered severely; "and yet I think that I can guess. It was put there, I fancy, by the person who sent up the milk to your chamber."

"Why do you say so?" Henry asked.

"Because, sire, all snakes are inordinately fond of milk."

"Ah," the king said slowly, with a change of countenance and a shudder which he could not repress; "and there was milk on the floor in the morning."

"Yes, sire; on the floor and beside the head of your bed."

But at this stage I was attacked by a fit of illness so severe that I had to break in on the discussion and beg the king to withdraw. The sickness increased on me during the day, and by noon I was prostrate, neither taking interest in anything, nor allowing others, who began to fear for my life, to divert their attention. After twenty-four hours I began to mend, but still several days elapsed before I was able to devote myself to business; and then I found that the master-mind being absent, and the king, as always, lukewarm in the pursuit, nothing had been done to detect and punish the criminal.

I could not rest easy, however, with so abominable a suspicion attaching to my house, and as soon as I could bend my mind to the matter I began an enquiry. At the first stage, however, I came to an impasse; the butler, who had been long in my service, cleared himself without difficulty, but a few questions discovered the fact that a person who had been in his department on the evening in question was now to seek, having, indeed, disappeared from that time. This was the gypsy girl whom La Trape had mentioned and whose presence in my household seemed to need the more elucidation the farther I pushed the enquiry. In the end I had the butler punished; but though my agents sought the girl through Paris and even traced her to Meaux, she was never discovered.

The affair, at the king's instance, was not made public; nevertheless, it gave him so strong a distaste for the Arsenal that he did not again visit me, nor use the rooms I had prepared. That later, when the first impression wore off, he would have done so, is probable; but, alas! within a few months the malice of his enemies prevailed over my utmost precautions and robbed me of the best of masters; strangely enough, as all the world now knows, at the corner of that very Rue de la Ferrière which he had seen in his dream.

[THE END.]

Caling and Theater Dresses.

AMONG the models selected by the modistes for calling toilettes and for theater gowns those made are exceedingly chic, yet are simply constructed, and introduce some of the most attractive features of the Marie Antoinette gown. Many such dresses are being prepared for autumn trousseaux, while others, less gay, and made of certain rich materials, are appropriate for dignified women of middle age. The new flowered silks and velvets form parts of trousseau dresses in combination with a plain fabric, velvet, satin, or wool. There are *chaine* flowered silks and others of brocade, each being harmonious for this style of dress. The printed velvets are also used, in colored grounds with leaves and blossoms of natural tint printed upon them.

Fancy figured silks or the new velvets are employed for the waist of the dress, a short Louis XVI. coat, or belted basque, the basque usually added under the ribbon belt, and made very full and pleated. This basque opens on a corselet or wide belt front reaching up to the bust, fitted by darts, and in one piece, hooked invisibly on the left side. It is well waisted, reaches straight across the waist line or else is sharply pointed, and is crossed with bands of ribbon, each tied in a flat bow in the middle. Above this high belt is a very full plastron of a soft fabric, chiffon or net of fine meshes, or of lace, and the collar is a stock of the material of the plastron, with pleatings or ravers on the sides of the velvet, or this arrangement may be exactly reversed. High, fully trimmed collars are a part of this gay little waist. Three large showy buttons are on each side of the front of the open jacket-waist, such as rhinestones, miniatures, lapis, etc. Above these the waist turns back in revers that may be narrow or sharply pointed, as best suits the wearer. The sleeves are very long, and are closely fitted up above the elbow, then suddenly puff out in various fanciful ways. The skirt of seven or nine gores is of a plain material, with a tablier breadth of velvet like that of the corselet. This tablier front breadth is from four to six inches wide at the top, and expands to four times this breadth at the foot. It may be outlined by a bristling *ruche*, or else more simply by a row of galloon. There is a silk lining throughout, with eight, ten, or twelve inches of stiff interlining at the foot.

Smooth cloths, very elaborately braided, are made by the best French houses as parts of trousseaux, for the going-away gown and for morning and church wear afterward. Brown is the favorite color, with black braid. Part of the braid is in close arabesque designs, and is set up on one edge, while straight rows, separate or in clusters, trim other parts of the gown. Triple circular basques braided all over are added to one cloth dress, while on another there is merely a curled border of the braid on each. The yoke and epaulettes are heavily braided, as are also the tops of the puffed sleeves. The belt is of gold ribbon, knotted in a bow in the back. The skirt of nine gores, stiffened only at the foot, has narrow braiding in a design down each seam.

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